

No. 625

PUNCH FEBRUARY 1 1961

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HOME READING

Punch



The English Scene

Painted by John Leigh Pemberton

CRUFT'S DOG SHOW



LAST WEEK-END we came upon a hiking party of young people who were enlivening their march with a spirited performance of that interminable ditty 'One Man and His Dog'. And we wondered: why the dog? It would not seem from the lyric that it was a working dog. Still less was it one of those canine aristocrats whose day will come later this month at Cruft's Dog Show in London. No, it was an 'ordinary' dog; a lumbering, lovable, infuriating, endearing creature... just like the one that welcomes you home with an ecstasy of delight and from which you wouldn't be parted for all the tea in China. You came by it, probably, when you saw in some

kennels or pet-shop an appealing scrap, tottering unsteadily on wobbly legs... and a small voice at your side said longingly "O-o-oh, Daddy!" And you were lost. Sir, we sympathise. But we also understand. We, too, have young people in our care. We stand almost *in loco parentis* to many a youngster whose parents, guarding against the unexpected, took us into partnership to safeguard the future of their dependants. And these young people have grown to know that the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company is not only a great institution; it is a very *human* institution. And that is what really matters.

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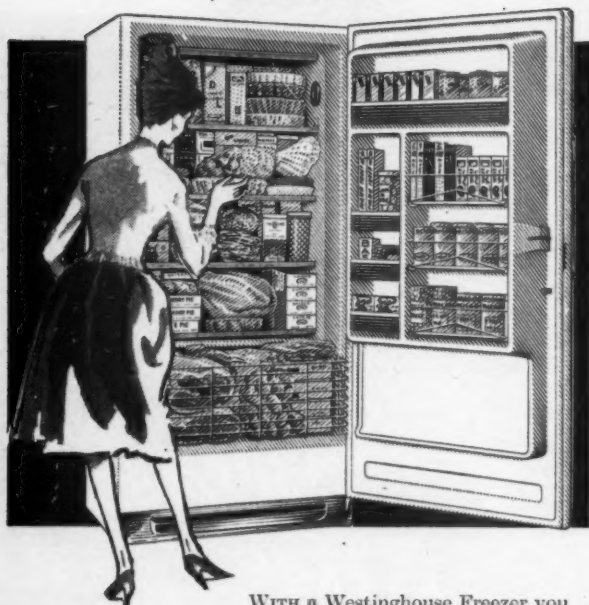
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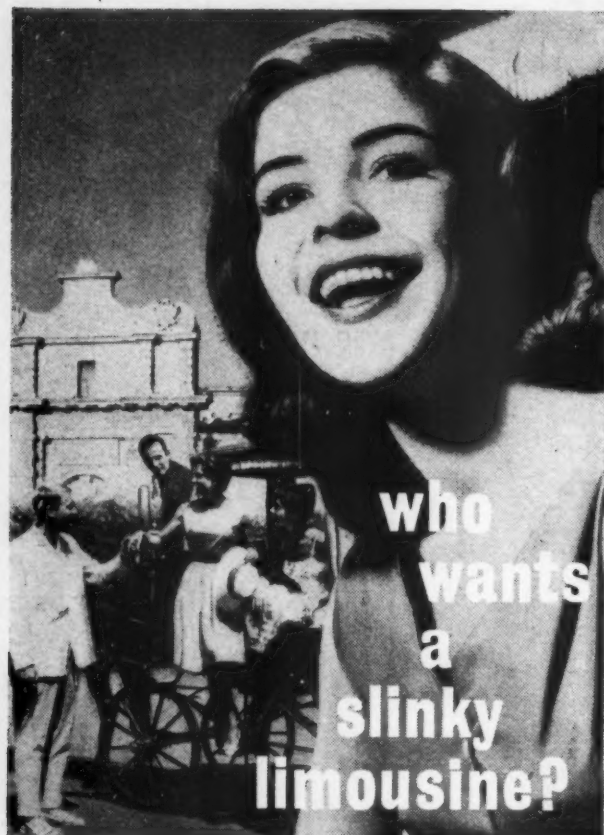
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Mr. Cube reports on Tate & Lyle's trading for 1960

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PUNCH

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Bernard Hollowood



Articles

- 198 MICHAEL FRAYN
Pop People's Eating Out
- 201 J. B. BOOTHROYD
Cruising This Year?
- 203 E. S. TURNER
Please Don't Squeeze
- 206 MONICA FURLONG
Pilchard-Packing Mommas
- 208 PATRICK SKENE CATLING
What the Papers Don't Say
- 212 H. F. ELLIS
Mediatrics : Relaxation in the Middle Years
- 214 JANE CLAPPERTON
Politic Worms
- 216 ALLEN O'BRIEN
Census in South Africa
- 218 LESLIE MARSH
How Much Tax do You Wear?

Verse

- 202 A.P.H.
Vile Song
- 215 J. S. STANDISH
The Garden of Prosperity

Features

- 210 THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH:
WILL IT BE LIKE THIS?
- 219 ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT
Percy Somerset
- 220 IN THE CITY
Lombard Lane
- 220 IN THE COUNTRY
Anthony Clarkson
- 221 A BRUSH WITH THE U.D.C.
Raymonde
- 228 FOR WOMEN
- 230 TOBY COMPETITIONS

Criticism

- 222 THEATRE (Eric Keown)
- 223 ART (Adrian Daintrey)
- 223 FILMS (Richard Mallett)
- 224 RADIO (Bernard Hollowood)
- 225 BOOKING OFFICE
Peter Dickinson : Death and Dons

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The London Charivari

DURING a busy first night in office, Mr. Kennedy called on the famous columnist Joseph Alsop. It was after two in the morning and he was asleep; but Mr. Kennedy waited on the icy doorstep until the household was aroused. This seems a wonderful way for a politician to get his own back on the Press. To refuse to talk leads only to ill-feeling; but to offer them scoops at inconvenient hours leaves journalists helpless. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has suffered a good deal in the past from Mr. Bernard Levin. Let him wait until Mr. Levin has 'flu and then get into his bedroom and give him a detailed account of how his mind is working on fiscal problems. The worse the headache, the louder the statistics. And why stop at journalists? If Lord Mountbatten writes his memoirs let him ring up Lord Beaverbrook, transferring the charges, and read them over the telephone.

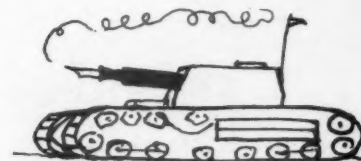
Goodness Gracious Living

A SLIGHT frisson will run through gastronomic circles when the news gets round that caviare is to be marketed in tubes. Surely this development

holder, will be circulated ceremonially in a fixed direction, like the port. For the host it will be harassing enough sitting there hoping that nobody will squeeze out more than a guinea's worth, that ladies for once will refrain from pressing the tube in the middle and that what returns to him will not be an exhausted shell requiring to be worked over laboriously from the very bottom. Diners who find this prospect unsettling are going to be really shaken when someone markets a caviare which comes out of the tube in stripes.

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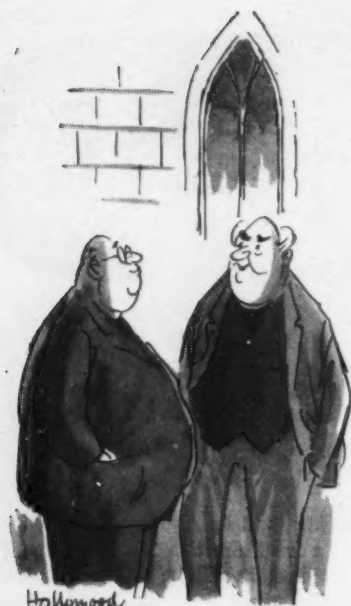
THOUGH wishing the Duchess of Windsor nothing but success in her new journalistic enterprise—"to tell the world what I think about the treatment



of my husband"—I am alarmed by the prospect of memoir-writing imitators. If all the battles of the last war are to be rejustified once a week by the generals' and admirals' wives, we're for the dark. And will it end at wives? *Yalta and You*, by Stalin's niece, won't be much more fun than *Alamein and After*, by Monty's cousin. Already alert serial scouts are probably signing up *Daddy Knew Best*, by one of Mr. Gaitskell's daughters.



calls for a new dinner-table etiquette: the tube, perhaps in a silver tube-



"I'm not entirely with him on ceremonial but I've got a feeling that Ramsey is definitely one of us."

Burdens of Riches

MR. WOODROW WYATT has now added his voice to those pleading for surtax relief, and thinks it shouldn't start on incomes below £6000. It's natural to be curious about the incomes of celebrities, but when they keep naming figures like this it's not too hard to guess.

Take a Scherzo, Miss Smith

"MY fingers wandered idly over the noisy keys" will take on a new significance if the project for a type-writer that prints music is a success. The sound of a Grand, or Top Twenty, Amen may cheer any genius starving in a garret off Denmark Street and the chord can't be lost once it's on the carbon copy, though I foresee another unfinished symphony when some future Schubert's ribbon folds up and the concluding movement has fled from his brain by the time he's rewound the spool. Mozart, who was writing well-turned minuets at the age of five when he could scarcely have managed a big machine, would probably have had to use one of those rubber-and-tweezer printing outfits.

Weight of Numbers

IN a front-page gloat over its circulation figures the *Sunday Express* frankly describes itself as one of the three quality Sunday papers. However, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* are still streets ahead of it in the quantity Sunday paper class.

Well Stowed, Sir!

AMONG the vivid details given of the new Archbishop of Canterbury are that he has a great weakness for melons and that, when he sets off for long holidays "he packs the Waverley novels and several detective stories into his suitcase." How like the Establishment it is to pick a man who excels in some curious skill. Once it would have been Latin Verse. Now it is feats of packing that must make the most expert valet draw a sharp breath. Even given a very expanding suitcase and a very thin paper edition of the Waverley novels it shows an outstanding skill in using space. One hopes, of course, that the Archbishop does not read Scott in some one-volume condensed edition with all the dialect, descriptions, history and theology left out.

Down with Mac, Rab and Co.

MR. E. H. C. LEATHER, M.P., signed a letter which he wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* the other day "Ted Leather." A few days earlier another Conservative back-bencher, Mr. J. A.

Leavey, signed a letter to *The Times* "Tony Leavey." I think it's time someone pointed out that among decent people the use of nicknames is confined to those whom we know and love, and the day is yet far distant when many of us will have learned to love back-bench M.P.s, Conservative or otherwise. They would be better occupied in trying to earn our admiration rather than our affection unless they actually enjoy being mistaken for rock 'n' roll stars.

High Time, Rt. Hon. Gents, Please

THE Government's Licensing Bill provides another example of the way in which consultation with all interested parties tends to result in a measure which leaves you neatly on the starting line. Now our extra hour's drinking on Sunday at lunch-time is to go, because churchmen, publicans and housewives were all against it. No one seems to have canvassed the opinion of the drinkers, who are for it, as the proprietor of any London drinking-club with a licence to stay open till three o'clock on Sunday afternoon can tell you. But if an extra hour in the afternoon is off, why not open an hour earlier in the morning? The churches will be against that, of course; but a good strong campaign to get people to go to the seven o'clock Communion service will meet their objections and on the whole do the tiny fraction of our population that goes to church at all a power of good.

Clean and Honest Too

THAT great sigh of gratification which went up from the American nation the other day is thought to have been caused by Mr. Gaitskill's reported statement that he had found President Kennedy to be, among other things, "highly intelligent."

For Your Library List

"BOOKS You Should Know About" is the heading to a full-page advertisement in the *Daily Mirror*. There are "thirty-two helpful books" listed underneath; they include *Health in the Home*, *The New Musical Educator*, *The Holy Bible*, *Association Football*, *Licensed Houses* and *The Modern Practical Plumber*. Something for everybody, in fact.

— MR. PUNCH



"When the Royal procession passes don't just lounge about there."



"Whip behind, Guv'nor!"



POP PEOPLE'S EATING OUT

By MICHAEL FRAYN

Immediately below the Top People come the Pop People, the men and women in the street who are at the receiving end of mass production. This article, the seventh of a series investigating what these consumers consume, deals with restaurants

A RESTAURANT, as Le Corbusier has probably said somewhere, is a machine for eating in. No one so far as I know has yet built as highly automated an eating machine as the one which fed Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times* (thoughtfully wiping his lips for him after each mouthful), but the big caterers are getting the feeding process pretty rationalized, as they say, all the same. In twenty years' time only the older people (and the richer ones) will still understand slapstick routines with two waiters and a pair of swing service doors.

As with other rationalized industries the aim is to make the main effort somewhere along the increasingly nebulous boundary between the lower and middle classes, so catching a good proportion of both in the same net. It is a process in which both the best and the worst get suppressed. Exotic foods are watered down, homely ones tarted up, and the ideas all come from America, the home of the medium-quality and the classless.

If you want to see what is happening in popular catering these days in one brief tour of the battlefield, take a walk from Piccadilly Circus to Leicester Square. Drawn up on either side of you are the advance guards of the two big powers in the catering industry—Lyons, with their Corner House, on the one hand, and Forte's, in all their various shapes and guises, right the way down the other side of the street.

In the competition between these two Forte's have the advantage of youth. They started seriously only after the war, when catering standards had reached rock-bottom, and the West End was overrun with refugees from the bombing. Their first big break was in 1951, when they were awarded a substantial share of the catering at the Festival of Britain, and did so well out of it that they later took over the Festival Pleasure Gardens at Battersea. Since then they have spread like convolvulus; the Forte's Group now owns 250 restaurants and cafés, including the Quality Inns, the Fullers teashop chain, the Hungaria, the Waldorf, and the Café Royal. They do the catering at London Airport and the West London Air Terminal, airborne meals for Pan-American, things on sticks for debutantes' parties, and a nice family night-club show (47s. 6d. and no nudes) at the Talk of the Town. They have also just opened the first motorway restaurant on the M1.

The most advanced eating machines in the Forte's complex are their Grill 'n' Griddle bars (whose hungry customers, I suppose, haven't got time to stop and read long words like "and"). The décor in them looks as though it were done by the man who designed the Moscow Underground, but they are clean, and all the food is cooked before your very eyes—an advantage not to be lightly dismissed when you recall Orwell's description of the chef spitting in the roast to see if it was done. The trick is to limit the menu to simple grills, which anyone can manage to cook accurately with a minimum of practice, and to sit the customers up at a bar (a low one—three feet high with a two-foot stool—in the American coffee-shop manner) arranged in bays. Then you put a waitress in each bay, so that she has only a short carry, and remains always in bread-and-butter-asking distance. Result: swift, efficient service. But they're not cheap places; the average customer spends about six shillings, and you can go up to 12s. 6d. if you want a half-pound fillet steak.

Forte's are convinced that people are prepared to spend much more now for their food to get service and pleasant

surroundings. They think the old cafeteria system is finished, except perhaps for lunch-places, where the most saleable commodity is speed. There is more money being spent everywhere, in fact. A big firm of industrial caterers (who reckon, incidentally, that their average factory canteen meal costs about half a crown) have put three-shilling steaks on the menu in one of their canteens. Lyons are planning to open a chain of 25 steak-houses. Even the Naafi is feeling the warm breath of prosperity on its neck. Deciding that it must become what one officer described as "the men's dream-world," it has renamed its canteens Junior Ranks' Clubs and Airmen's Clubs, installed a Spanish bar and a Tudor Room in one of them, put chicken and wine on the menu in others, and reports attracting the simple soldiery in the B.A.O.R. with tinned pheasant, turtle soup, and rose petal jam.

Forte's argument is borne out by the difficulties Lyons are having with the 190 teashops, which are all cafeterias. In the City, business has been shored up by the 150,000 luncheon vouchers they take in each day (Lyons has an interest, incidentally, in Luncheon Vouchers Limited). But they have been losing custom (even though General Sir Brian Horrocks is said still to breakfast regularly in one of them)

and have held a worried inquest. They are sure that one of the reasons is the appearance of the places; they have a plan to contemp them all up a bit eventually, and in the meanwhile to cover up all those acres of nostalgically pre-war marble with plastic paint (which should increase the sales of paint-stripper in about fifty years' time, if nothing else). They also blame refrigerators and frozen foods, which encourage families to eat more in the evening at home and less in the teashop for lunch; the cars in which women are taken shopping by their husbands on Saturday instead of going on their own during the week and stopping for a cup of coffee or for lunch; and the increased cost of early morning workmen's tickets, the time and the money saved on which were often spent on a Lyons' breakfast in town.

Apart from the plastic paint, the teashops remain faithful to the old régime of tin trays and prefabricated food. The tariff has changed little since before the war, and the patties are still the most popular item. The average customer spends only 1s. 4d. in the teashop, and Lyons are trying to tempt him to unburden himself of a little more by installing what they call "specialty counters" in some of the shops, somewhat on the lines of the Grill 'n' Griddle. In the ones they have



"Don't forget—you promised to let me know when it became an orgy."

opened so far the customers have been spending 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.

In the Corner Houses the changeover has been much swifter. The old restaurants, which occupied a whole floor and served a thousand customers at a time, have given place to a range of smaller, specialized departments. There is the Wimpy, where the average customer (still keeping up with us, the loyal trencherman) spends 2s. 7d. and stays for only ten minutes, an egg-and-bacon department, a chicken department, a salad department, a roast meat department, and a steak department. In these last two the customers linger for up to an hour and a half, consuming on average eighteen shillings-worth of food. The stars of stage and screen, as they say, and even Mr. Gaitskell, are not ashamed to be seen there. Cyril Ray once told me he thought they offered the best value in London. But in all the Corner House departments the same principle operates—a short, highly specialized menu of dishes that even a moron can learn to cook to perfection by doing them day in, day out, with the whole operation performed where the customer can see it.

The Wimpy Bars, I suppose, are the places where the New Food is worshipped in its simplest, starkest form. They started in 1954, and there are nearly 200 of them in the country now, all individually owned, but run under licence from Pleasure Foods Limited, a subsidiary of Lyons. The licence costs £300, in return for which you get the loan of a griddle and six toasters, advice, training for the staff, and a décor designed by the firm's drawing-office (the very office, to judge by the results, which just failed to beat Forte's to get the contract for designing the Moscow Underground).

The licence carries with it an obligation to use Lyons' minced beef and sweetened buns to make the Wimpy itself, the one-and-sixpenny hamburger on which the brief menu depends, and which takes its name from a hamburgerivorous character in the Popeye strip-cartoon. Here more than anywhere the business depends on specializing in extremely

simple dishes, cooked before your eyes, and a fast turnover of customers—who spend 2s. 1d. to 2s. 3d. each, and who get through their Wimpy, Tastee Freez ice cream, or Whippy milk shake in about ten minutes, less if they sit up at the counter. I don't want to be nasty about the customers of Wimpy Bars, since I'm often one myself when I'm in a hurry, but I sometimes get the feeling in them that we are the zombies of the modern city—a classless cross-section of hard, grey-faced, knowing people who were born without taste buds, and who want a quick, tidy meal with no exhausting chewing or wearisome manipulation of knife and fork because eating is for us as meaningless a bodily function as excretion. Maybe it's just the lighting.

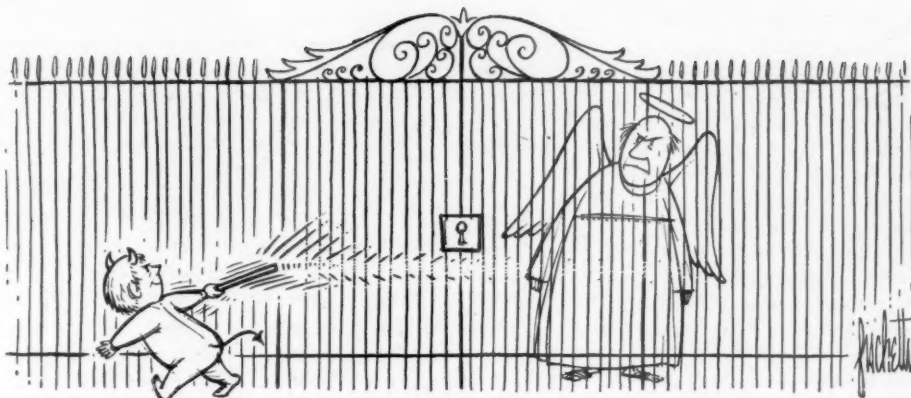
Running a Wimpy Bar, with its simple menu, and with Pleasure Foods vetting your choice of site, guaranteeing your supplies, advising you, and training your staff, must be just about as near unskilled industrial labour as catering can get. But everyone in the industry is sure that the trend is to greater and greater specialization yet. My prediction is that in twenty years' time the big caterers will have expanded to cover the whole of the West End with specialist departments—underdone steaks in Regent Street, medium ones in Cockspur Street, and a walk-over to Charing Cross Road for the chips that go with them—and will be buying up cinemas and theatres to run at a loss as a means of attracting potential customers into the district. There won't be any oyster stew or Kiev chicken on the menu, because they will be too complicated for an untrained grill-operative to prepare. But neither will there be the curled-up cheese sandwiches of the seedy chromium milk-bars, or the glutinous steak-and-kidney pud they used to slosh out in Alf's Dining-Rooms. Just a nice, hygienic, standardized average, smothered with tomato ketchup. You'll find me in the Haymarket section, enjoying a Delicious, Farm-Fresh Metercal 'n' Seltzer.

Next week: Pop People's Holidays

Man in Office

by *Larry*





Cruising this Year?

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

"You may confidently leave your holiday enjoyment in the reliable hands of the Officers and staff of this magnificent ship."—A cruise brochure.

PUBLICITY matter for this year's sunshine cruises was printed before the recent outbreak of luxury piracy, so if your cabin is already booked for a carefree trip down to Casablanca ("a modern city mixed with an Eastern atmosphere of the Kasbah, veiled women and minarets") or Barcelona ("gateway to the Spanish Riviera, where dancing and music are inescapable") a few amendments to your existing brochure may not come amiss.

Political Situation

Consult a well-informed friend before choosing your ship, which should preferably belong to a line based on a nation at peace with itself and its neighbours. Portugal, one would have thought until recently, seems ideal. But events have shown how wrong you can be. Your friend should be in touch with revolutionary movements everywhere, whether active or merely smouldering. Italian vessels are particularly liable to be boarded by Mafia parties. No one should patronize an Egyptian line without pre-arranged plans of action in the event of General Nguib turning up on the bridge.

Swimming Pools

Keep a very sharp eye open when

passengers are seen to be holding each other under water, especially in the first-class pool, where the victim may well be a senior ship's officer whose cries for help as he goes down for the third time may be tragically misinterpreted by laughing onlookers as playful remonstrance.

Tours of the Ship

These, a regular and advertised feature of your vacation on the luxury briny, should be joined with caution, and only after assuring yourself of the guide's *bona fides*. The Captain and the Chief Officer are probably above suspicion, but to flock round the ship in the charge of some anonymous-looking assistant purser could mean your being locked in a C Deck ironing room with fifty fellow-passengers not of your own choosing. In this way the revolutionary forces can drain off batches of passengers by degrees, leaving more space for cutlass-work, keel-hauling and so on.

Plank, walking the

It may not come to this, but friends who advised you to pack a pair of rope-soled sandals may not have been so pernickety as you thought they were at the time.

Suspicious Characters

These will abound, especially in the first class, but snap judgments can be dangerous. Oddities of speech, costume

and deportment are not necessarily signs of a conspirator; even a pocket-bulge with the seemingly unmistakable contours of a hand-grenade may prove, on challenge, nothing but a spare ciné-camera ready loaded for an early morning reel of the Majorca coastline. Members of the ship's orchestras traditionally have a criminal look. But records of bands seizing ships are in fact pretty rare at Lloyd's.

Owners, attitude of

This is markedly cool in preliminary correspondence, where the shipping line's secretariat agrees only grudgingly to accept your cheque for £354, claims that it cannot guarantee to take you, and threatens, in any case, to cancel your reservation if it feels like it. These should not be regarded as symptoms of expected trouble aboard but merely as indications that everybody has £354 nowadays, and is mad keen to go cruising with it. Whether this situation will change when the *Santa Maria* reports are all collated is outside the scope of these notes.

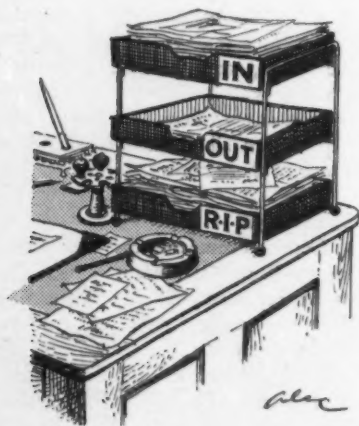
Small Signs

Coming events may cast their shadows in small but significant ways. Your wife's repeated difficulty in securing a hair appointment may lead you to a closer study of other passengers' wives who seem to be in the saloon more or less permanently. Study their husbands. You may find them threatening the

Purser with a gun. A man who draws a firearm on a Purser may draw one on you. Do not ignore the medical officer's notice-board. Advice on food and drink at various ports of call is routine and should cause no alarm; but a discreet line or two of type-writing about the treatment of wounds and shock may mean that he knows something. Similarly, in the event of your evening housey-housey game being interrupted by the sight of the Captain picking his way through the smoking room with his hands up and a man in a white tuxedo close behind, developments may be expected. Finish the round, then quit the game. If, in the meantime, you have mastered the operation of the two sets of waterproof doors sealing off your block of cabins, that's all to the good.

All this, and much more, information is now undoubtedly in process of incorporation into future editions of your favourite line's brochures, and it may be that while weaker spirits are deterred by it and hasten to surrender their deposits and spend their luxury holiday at Ramsgate, others will look forward eagerly to the chance of a break in the sameness of shipboard life. In any case, until the revised booklets come out, the whole business is covered by the note in the present ones: "*All information in this folder is subject to alteration without notice.*"

Bon voyage! anyway. Oh, and don't you make the mistake of giving a wrong impression by turning up on the boat deck in a red spotted head scarf and a horizontally-striped sweater; £354 is too much to pay for a fortnight in irons.



Vile Song

About the Treasury

GODBLESS the great Departments and the wizards of Whitehall,
What labour for the health and wealth and welfare of us all!
They do their work with calm and care, and general success:
But the Treasury—the Treasury—is *always* in a mess.

The Briton, too, although from him you can't extract a boast,
Is still as good as any, and superior to most.
In peril, in perplexity, you can't upset the chap:
But the Treasury—the Treasury—is *always* in a flap.

Our sailors still could rule the waves—if they had any ships:
Our soldiers, when they get the chance, can give the tiger tips.
Our airmen, and our atomboys, stand up to anyone:
But the Treasury—the Treasury—is *always* on the run.

We know that we're an island and ridiculously small;
We know it is a miracle that we exist at all.
We coolly cross our fingers and continue with our toil:
But the Treasury—the Treasury—is *always* on the boil.

The wheels are going round, and we have made a pretty pile:
How nice if the Exchequer could occasionally smile!
The greater grows the Revenue the fiercer is the fuss:
And the Treasury—the Treasury—is *always* blaming us.

Like some ungoverned pendulum it swings from height to height,
And so, however we behave, we never can be right.
Penurious or prosperous, we can't be left alone:
For the Treasury—the Treasury—has *always* got a moan.

Sometimes there's too much money, and sometimes there's not enough:
Whichever is the case we're not allowed to have the stuff.
We tighten up our belts and then we let them out again:
But the Treasury—the Treasury—has *always* got a pain.

Alternately the taxes are a sacrifice too sore:
Or they are very good for us and we must have some more.
A slump is sad, but booms can be as baleful as a slump:
For the Treasury—the Treasury—has *always* got the hump.

They ape the airs of organists, pull out this stop and that:
Whichever stop they pull the music's damnable and flat.
I'd just as soon the organ was controlled by a baboon:
For the Treasury—the Treasury—is *always* out of tune.

How odd that such uncertainty should rule in such a place,
Which holds, they say, the cleverest of all the island race!
This little land, it seems to us, is quite a big success:
But the Treasury—the Treasury—is *ALWAYS* in a mess.

— A.P.H.



"I confess I've been a bad farm manager, a wrecker, a swindler, a thief, an embezzler . . . and I'm also a liar."

Please Don't Squeeze

E. S. TURNER goes snooping at a country market

DO you want a down-calving Jersey, a cure for indigestion, a pound of turnips, a coil of wire, hens, saddlesoap, a brush-hook?" It was London Transport nagging away at me. By poster and leaflet, they had been trying to get me to spend a day at a country market. They promised "colour, entertainment, education—and possibly a bargain"; even fresh air.

It sounded better than a tour of London's new skyline. What put me against *that* was a cautionary note which said that while I was welcome to look at those brave new buildings I must not stare at the people inside (as if they didn't stare out at *us*). In the country it's different. London Transport specifically urged me: "have your sandwich listening to the technical

jargon of the drovers." That's what I like about the country: you can eavesdrop and look through windows and nobody minds.

There was a list of recommended towns and I ticked off two on the list: Bishop's Stortford, in Hertfordshire, and Horsham, in Sussex. I didn't dare to hope that either market would be as colourful as the one in the Underground poster, which has not only bright, striped awnings but singularly gay cobble-stones, each with its own healthy glow.

At Bishop's Stortford sightseeing is agreeably concentrated. The market wraps itself round the back of the Conservative Headquarters and the Corn Exchange (est. 1828) and then stretches along the main street, with

splendid disregard for the "No Waiting" and "No Litter" signs; and only just round the corner is the cattle market.

Let me list at once some of the bargains I was offered: a variety of second-hand golf clubs; a good choice of dog chews and tonic nibbles; a pair of cuff-links inscribed "A.O.F.B." (ah, that Ancient Order of Froth-Blowers!); some fine-looking seeds with "germinations not less than the authorized scheduled minima," in accordance with the Seeds Act, 1920; a piano accordion; a pair of Home Guard shoulder flashes (you never know when you might need them); a selection of novels by du Maurier, Heyer, Goudge and Yates (no sign of Lady C.); a wooden rattle for which a Glasgow Rangers fan would have given his back teeth, if any; a

choice of natty socks at 1s. 6d. a pair (two pairs, 2s. 6d.); a "new, exciting" pedal-bin; and such characteristic rural wares as Mexican-style jeans, lengths of cloth "guaranteed made in Italy" and jackets made of zip-fasteners held together by black leather.

Somebody told me that, with luck, I might see the owner of a crockery stall attracting a crowd by ceremonially smashing a saucer or two, like a Chinese witness about to describe a road accident. The crockery man at Bishop's Stortford was too proud of his collection of saucers, ducks and urns to do anything of the sort. From his odd-cup store, any Whitehall ministry could have provided each of its typists with a different-patterned cup, thus saving them the fatigue of painting "Brenda" on the side or tying bits of string round the handle.

Colour? Yes, there was colour all right, notably in a tablecloth (I think it was) which was a cross between a gigantic, hairy Valentine and an oriflamme. A couple of centuries ago you could have bought six Pacific islands with six tablecloths like that. All along the market, shoppers were appraising lengths of cloth and saying that they liked to see "a nice bit of colour." Nobody seemed to want those gossamer

nightdresses through which the east wind whistled lewdly. What the farmer's wife in Hertfordshire wears to bed is something which Mass Observation may have the means of finding out.

I had hoped to hear witty exchanges, but all the wit seemed to be contained on the metal labels thrust into the fattest apples and oranges. One said: "Please Don't Squeeze Me Until I'm Yours"; another, "Have A Bit Of Good And Cheat The Doctor"; another, "Ripe For Eating—No Teeth Required." It was a poor fruit which did not carry a banner proclaiming "As You Like It" or "Sure To Please," or at the very least, "Selected" or "Choice." And talking of market labels, I like to think of the mystification which might overtake an innocent stranger who, amid the litter at dusk of day, espied a notice saying "Choice Navels, 6d."

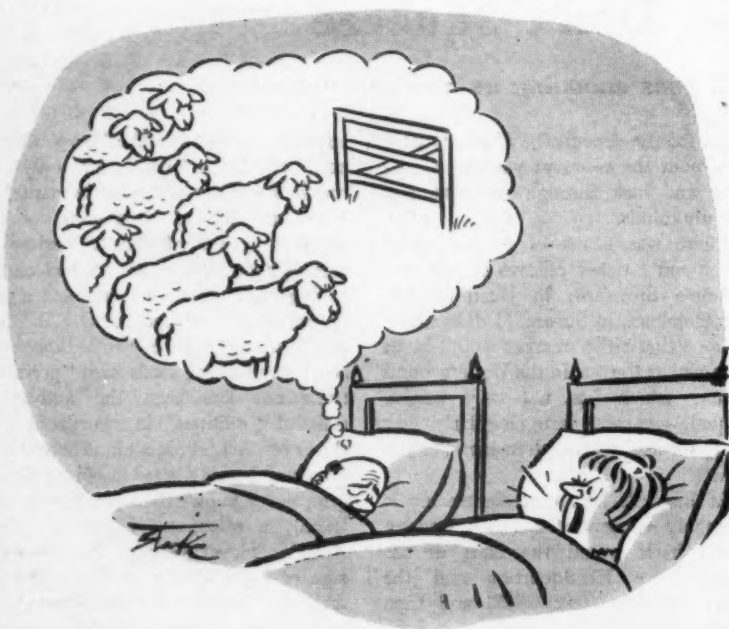
As London Transport says, a country market is an education. It reminds you that there are persons who make a living out of touring the country with sets of silver fork rests and boxes upon boxes of second-hand gloves; ready to chat in a cold gale about the prospects of Tottenham Hotspurs or Antony Armstrong-Jones; refreshing themselves occasionally from a vacuum-flask

standing on the hospitable window-sill of Lloyds Bank. A man with a knick-knack stall had a collection of cameo portraits of mostly unknown people. He said he had hoped to sell the lot to a collector, but had broken the set because a customer had recognized a cameo of his father. As the years go by, others—who knows?—may find a parent here. Perhaps it will stimulate business if I say that the collection includes heads of Sir Frederick Mills, Bt., and a lady called Herfertari Bethell, with the date 1924.

The cattle market was populated almost wholly by character actors, probably hired for the day from Elstree. Some of the animals were hamming it up a bit, too. Unfortunately those cattle-transporters which swing in from the street (with dubious liquids sluicing out from the corners) have taken some of the fun out of market-day, as one dimly remembers it. Where are the runaway heifers whose exploits used to earn headlines like "Amazing Rodeo In High Street"? (I worked on a newspaper which eventually banned the use of the word rodeo on such occasions.) Where are the beery drovers who used to lead bulls of fearful potency over the cross-roads, against the new-fangled red lights? All gone. Otherwise, the pattern seems basically the same. The auctioneer rings a handbell when he feels like starting and his purple-faced picadors, wearing more coats than an onion (though sometimes with a foulard scarf at the neck), marshal the wayward beasts with contemptuous skill. Only when he reaches the pigs does the auctioneer tuck a microphone into his jacket. It is well understood that nobody wants to buy anything and that if anybody does make a bid it is only to keep the auctioneer happy. One buyer acquired six sheep by (as it seemed) letting the ash fall from his cigarette.

At Bishop's Stortford, possibly because the children of a primary school look down as closely as front-row spectators at a bull fight, the picadors were addressing the beasts in terms like "Come along now, please"; or it may be that they thought I was from the R.S.P.C.A. Perhaps I wrong them utterly, and this is how all drovers address their charges nowadays.

As always, one looks for the skilled



craftsman. There was an alert, wiry operator who suffered no beast to pass him until he had removed a disc the size of a sixpence from its ear. If the ticket collector at Liverpool Street were to nip the ears of the travellers instead of their tickets, one can imagine how testily the less disciplined passengers would round on him; and that is precisely how some of these beasts behaved. Another craftsman had a much safer job; all he had to do was to scissor a hieroglyph in the shaggy hair of a bullock's rump.

I tried to eavesdrop on the jargon of the drovers, as London Transport suggested, but it wasn't easy, thanks to the squealing of pigs and school children, the roar of jet airliners and the revving of lorry engines. Much of what was said was strictly monosyllabic, and in a strange tongue, but I understood one drover to say that nothing in life mattered so much as keeping your kidneys warm. I daresay he is right.

I question whether the cattle market at Horsham knows that it is a potential tourist attraction. Its buildings do not give the impression that the Sussex countryside is bursting with pride or wealth. One very dreary shed bore the chalked words "Police Office." This I took to be a jest until a policeman rode up on a motor-cycle and sat down inside at a table with a book of forms. Perhaps he had a couple of cells at the back; I didn't like to ask. But almost certainly he was better employed there than buying double brandies in strip-tease clubs, like his Metropolitan colleagues.

In this market calves, admittedly scraggy, were going for as little as ten shillings each, a disturbing thought for anyone who has been paying ten-and-sixpence for a veal cutlet. A particularly abusive fowl went for one shilling. In a long building, hung with hundreds of hooks, an auctioneer, his assistant and a woman clerk were selling off single cyclamens in pots. The bidding started at about a shilling per plant and, with some chivvy, rose to one-and-sixpence if the petals were not too loose. It seemed a great deal of work and eloquence to sell not very much, but as we have already agreed a country market is an education.

Which makes me all the more ashamed to say that I never did find out what a down-calving Jersey was.



"Don't just sit there—out-chic Jackie Kennedy!"

On the Notice-Board . . .

. . . of the National Zoological Gardens.

FOAMIO

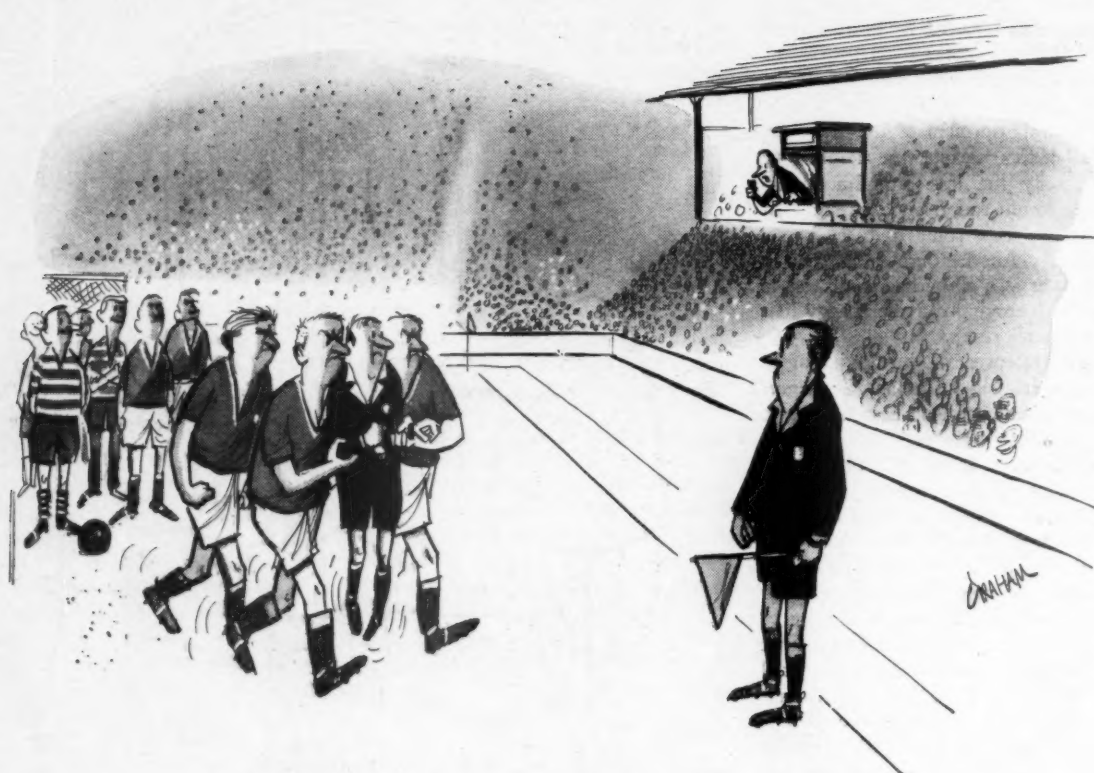
ALL keepers are to note that with effect from the date of this notice FOAMIO, the space-age wonder-wash containing Formula H, the super-dynamic ingredient which brings molecular inner-cleanliness and bleaches deep-deep-down to give you that crystal-clear solar-whiteness which will make your laundry the envy of the neighbourhood, IS NOT TO BE USED FOR WASHING ANIMALS.

It has been found that the molecular-bleaching action of Formula H is not just copywriter's blurb when in contact with living animal hair and the first week's trial of the free supply of FOAMIO has provided this Zoo with two snow-white zebras, one pearl-grey puma, three platinum-blond tigers, one alabaster giraffe, four albino gorillas and a bison blanched silver as Mother Machree.

All stocks of FOAMIO held are to be returned to the Storekeeper by mid-day for reissue to the Works Department where it has been found that a fifty-fifty solution will clean moss from concrete paths and remove that strange, blue verdigris from the hippopotamus's tank.

All members of the staff are reminded that any discussion of this notice with the press or television interviewers is strictly forbidden under their terms of employment. They should dismiss from their minds as irrelevant to the present situation the fact that I appeared on television three weeks ago to endorse FOAMIO by describing how one wash in its silky-soapy suds had brought a new, shining-brightness to Waldo the polar-bear and made him the envy of every zoo in Europe. Any reference to this incident in my hearing will be construed as deliberate insubordination and dead disrespect to a senior officer.

MONTGOMERY EMBERGREASE,
Superintendent of Keepers.



"Hello! He's coming over to consult the linesman."

Pilchard-Packing Mommas

By MONICA FURLONG

WHAT must be said about the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation as it gives away another cool half million is how catholic it is in its tastes. Reading through its list of gifts for the second half of 1960 makes the mind boggle: it also makes one feel what a good, generous old fellow Papa Gulbenkian must have been, and what a lot of amusing projects people are working away at with his help—an old pilchard factory converted to an art gallery, a music typewriter, an edition of pre-reformation music, a Portuguese grammar and the study of "tholos"-type passage-graves in the Algarve in preparation for excavating a passage-grave in Co. Armagh.

What I didn't know until I read the press report was what Miss Pearl

Jephcott (of the London School of Economics) was up to all these years. Miss Jephcott has just received a final grant of £1,000 (in addition to £1,600 announced in 1959) to complete a retrospective study of the formative influences in the adolescent lives of 160 girls now in their twenties and thirties in a London borough and two provincial towns.

"Miss Jephcott," the report continues, "has succeeded in tracing a high proportion of the girls, now women in their twenties and thirties (almost all married and mostly mothers), whom she originally studied in their 'teens. A study of their experiences in and out of school, work and marriage should produce a little of the solid information which has hitherto been lacking about the needs

and aspirations of adolescent girls."

My own reactions to this piece of news are pretty complicated. For instance, downright envy—why has nobody ever offered *me* £2,600 to study adolescent girls, or, since to tell you the truth, adolescent girls bore me rather, mature men? (Come to think of it, I did carry out a study very much along these lines a few years since, and a fascinating field of research I found it. It never occurred to me, though, to publish my thesis or to limit my field to one London borough and two provincial towns). Then, curiosity. Why 160 girls, and which borough, and what towns, and how did Miss Jephcott come to study all those girls in the first place? And finally, what is the solid information that has hitherto been lacking

about the needs and aspirations of adolescent girls, and why can't it be ascertained by grabbing the nearest passing girl and asking her?

I don't want to do Miss Jephcott out of a job but for what it's worth I'm perfectly prepared, by a study of my own experiences in and out of school, work and marriage (actually I don't go much for experiences out of marriage) to deduce quite a lot about the needs and aspirations, etc. For the record I should say that I am a girl, in my twenties and thirties, almost entirely married, and mostly a mother.

Take school. I well remember the term I was thirteen. My aspirations were to get into the lacrosse team, to write like John Keats, and to liberate India (I was a very political little girl). Sad to say, I only achieved the last of these. That same term we all had rather a crush on the art mistress, I remember, though I thought myself she needed her hair permed and fewer clothes made out of Heal's curtaining. What I needed at the time was to cut down my consumption of iced buns, to wash behind my ears and to come to some kind of working truce with algebra and the German teacher.

From there my old school reports to some extent take up the tale, and depict a figure so punctual, efficient, responsible, public-spirited and altogether establishment-orientated that friends have often accused me of forging the lot. I think myself that it suggests something very interesting about the English education system; that it tends to exhaust all one's social virtues in one's early years so that one ends up in adult life reluctant to so much as pass the salt.

Beneath my bulging school uniform, however, there *were* other hopes and ambitions. (Are you listening, Miss Jephcott?) Career-wise I was pretty much of a blank, though I did think sometimes that I was destined to do something big like designing a cathedral, becoming Dr. Schweitzer's right-hand woman, turning into a ravishing Lady of the Camellias, or bringing a little happiness into the great, sad eyes of Laurence Olivier, in those days gazing soulfully over the footlights at the New Theatre. Alas for Gulbenkian, and still more alas for me, these aspirations never really got off the ground. It was about this time that we read *Villette* as

a set book, and I developed a taste for short, dark, intense men, with personalities like rockets, which tended to regulate my falling in love rather monotonously for the next few years. So much for education.

Work. Soon after I began an entirely undistinguished office career it became clear to me that what I needed was a job that allowed me to arrive late, go home early, take two hours off for lunch, and talk all day. Failing a seat on the Board, there seemed little hope of achieving this aspiration, so while grudgingly allowing a succession of offices my physical presence from nine to five, I withdrew my needy and aspiring self to more worthwhile pur-

suits, such as clothes, boy-friends, love and life. Really I can't think of anything nicer, and I do hope that most of Miss Jephcott's protégées, even if they don't qualify for the Perfect Secretary Award, can say the same.

For marriage treads hard on adolescence these days, and while one's husband may be precisely what one wanted and more, in no time at all the pair of you are wringing mortgages, hire-purchase payments, rates and electricity bills out of your hearts' blood, and wondering how on earth you used to spend all that money on L.P.s and lingerie. And when one is not so much aspiring any longer as needy what earthly use is a Perfect



"Business is terrible."

Secretary Award then except as something for the baby to cut its teeth on?

Finally, motherhood. My aspiration, partly achieved, is four children, preferably witty, beautiful, intelligent and good, though the attributes are not essential. My need is for a super-nanny, of the kind that even Norland don't manufacture, or better still one of those coal-black mammies they always had in Hollywood films in the thirties, not so much for the children as for me. What I could do with, it often occurs to me, is a broad, tolerant bosom on which now and again to sob out my worries

about feeding, teething, measles and the effect of television on the growing child, and if at the end of it the bosom is able to say "There, there, Mis' Monica, don't you worry 'bout a thing" life would be a thousand times more tolerable than it is to-day.

A crazy hope breaks in at this point which is that when the Gulbenkian Foundation have read Miss Pearl Jephcott's report on her 160 girls, and when they have read what I have to say about Miss Pearl Jephcott's report, they might decide that some of us wives and mothers are as much worth

spending a few pounds on as pre-reformation music or the pilchard-packing factory. One hundred and sixty one grants to provide one hundred and sixty-one coal-black, or for that matter snow-white, mammies to produce sympathy, advice and clucking noises. For the benefit of one hundred and sixty-one anxious wives and mothers would look very well indeed on the Foundation's report and probably revolutionize British home life for the better. And let the passage-graves in Co. Armagh and the pre-reformation masses fall where they may.

What the Papers Don't Say

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

THE other day (I forget just which one; I didn't make a note of it at the time; I had forgotten to take a pencil with me and, I must frankly admit, I didn't feel like buying another; but it's surprising how few actual facts one really needs)—the other day the *Daily Mail-News Chronicle* on one of its inside pages had a headline saying, I think, "PERRICK AT THE PICTURES."

It didn't look quite like that, of course, but it would be inconvenient to reproduce it here just as it was even if I were sure of remembering it all exactly. After the article was read, part of my copy of the *Daily Mail-News Chronicle* got badly damaged.

Anyway, the "PERRICK" bit was big and black. I'm pretty sure of the name, I'm as sure of the name as a

heifer must be of the name of its ranch during those painful sizzling moments immediately after the application of the red-hot branding-iron. "AT THE PICTURES" was smaller and paler and looked a bit squeezed, off to the side.

Under the name there was a woman's portrait. It was only the size of a postage stamp but its impact was strong: the eyes looked straight out at one; and the raised brows, the dilated nostril (three-quarter front view) and the compressed lips seemed to say "We are not amused" and "Waiter, these oysters are corked."

Beside the portrait there was a sub-head: "WHY I DIDN'T GO TO SEE THE FILM OF THE WEEK." Thus the *Daily Mail-News Chronicle* introduced their new film critic's first column, and thus,

I believe, helped to advance a significant trend in British journalism.

"Whenever I embark on any new venture," Perrick began, "I make an honestly clear statement of intention at the start. So now on my very first week as film critic let me confess at once that I did not go along to the picture which may well be acclaimed as the Film of the Week by the other, proper, critics."

Let me confess at once that I, myself, didn't actually read any further in the article, partly because I didn't want my judgment of it warped by any direct experience of what she had said or how she had said it, and partly because I wasn't in the mood to read anything I didn't really have to.

However, for a trifling stipend I was able to have a thorough report of the article prepared by an experienced journalist who happens at present to be unemployed. (There had been some unfortunate gossip in Fleet Street. Nobody had been able to prove anything, but there had been rumours that he was a practising intellectual, and rumours of that sort are difficult to stop; sometimes the innocent get hurt. He told me that the last time he had submitted an article to a newspaper editor the editor had complained that it was all cluttered up with information. "That's what the opinions are based on," the writer explained. "When I need information I'll send for the encyclopædia," the editor said. "And these opinions!" he exclaimed, having read further. "So favourable! Haven't



you got an *angle*?" The writer seemed quite glad to accept my small commission.

I have gathered that a film distributor's press release caused Perrick to decide not to go to see the film that she thought some of her colleagues might have acclaimed as the "Film of the Week." (The uninitiated may but speculate about its title; she did not bother to record it.) It seems that she was put off by intimations that the film was a Japanese one about a Japanese pacifist, that the running time was 3 hours and 20 minutes, and that the screening was to begin in Tottenham Court Road at 10 o'clock in the morning.

She did go to see two films, and disliked both of them, and her inaugural column was concluded with a brief account of another abstention from personal observation.

"As I did not laugh at any of the alleged antics in a previous production (called, I think, *School for Scoundrels*)" she recollected, she stayed away from a new comedy called *His and Hers* and sent in her place a "young friend"; but the young friend, Perrick tersely reported, did not laugh.

Right from the start Perrick seems to have surged ahead of the film and theatre critics who go to the cinemas and theatres before praising or condemning what's inside. If the reformed system spreads to other departments and other papers one may look forward to reading newspaper stories like this:

While machine-guns, I gather, rattled in the streets of the world's latest strife-torn trouble-spot, which I think is in Africa, I didn't fly in. To be perfectly frank about it I find that foreign correspondence is tolerable only if one writes it at home, in bed. Africa sounds a frightful bore . . .

Or like this:

I have never been able to understand why so many thousands of people have wasted so many hours watching a lot of dreary little toughs kicking a ball about, or whatever it is they do in hockey, so when a rather tiresome letter arrived at my office the other day enclosing tickets to fly to Australia to see the Test matches I gave them to my secretary. But she had an appointment at the hairdressers, so the score will remain forever a mystery as far as I'm concerned. Anyway, what's

the point of going all the way round the world to look at West Indians? I understand there are enough of them in Earls Court . . .

Or this:

Love may make the world go round, but it hasn't yet untangled London traffic. The Society Editor yesterday suggested that I write about the most fashionable wedding of the year. The taxi ride to St. Margaret's was so ghastly that I quite lost my temper. It was a silly time of day to hold a wedding, anyway. I've no idea what the bride was wearing or, indeed, who the wretched girl is, but I dare say she looked frightfully fashionable. Me, I called it another wasted day and went straight home to my magnifying looking glass . . .

One may look forward to that sort of thing. On the other hand, one may look forward to not reading the papers at all.



BUDGET MEMOS No. 2

Attention The Rt. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd,
C.B.E., T.D., Q.C.

Beg to suggest vast untapped source of revenue in letters after names on envelopes. Taxation on these would have many advantages, not least the ease of collection through Postmaster-General's C.O.D. system. Scale to be fixed so that V.C.s and comparable heroes should pay next to nothing, those honoured by the Crown somewhat more, and certificated members of bodies and institutions be increasingly penalized up to the point where a, say, B.O.L.E., M. Soc. Q.J., would be handing the postman anything up to 4 gns. on an average day.

Hon. Secretary,
Man-in-the-Street Society.

The new Sunday Telegraph is to be in the lower price range (among other quality papers the Sunday Express is alone in staying at fivepence). Does this mean that it will adopt the more popular approach, while retaining the impeccable dignity of its weekly editions?

The Sunday Telegraph

—Is it going to be like this



SENSE OF PROPORTION

Look about you this morning in the cool, grey light of cautious optimism, and clear your throat with a restrained, but nonetheless heartfelt, gentlemanly cheer. This morning there is so much to cheer about in a restrained, but nonetheless heartfelt, gentlemanly way. This is the first Sunday Telegraph, and at last you are a member of the Sunday Telegraph family. Is it not moderately grand, up to a point, to be more or less alive? From time to time, as circumstances permit, we shall be answering that question, in a suitably decent fashion, as we progress together across the broad acres of newsprint that stretch forth into the mysterious fog of the future.

On this inaugural Sunday, however, let us for a moment only consider the significance of the news report of the kitten that was found wandering unwanted near Aylesbury and has now been offered a place in so many warm and friendly British homes. There. Does the heart not glow? Our hard-hitting campaigns against volcanoes and man-eating sharks can wait.

VISCOUNT'S KINSWOMAN GREW MARIJUANA

Hon. Lettice Binns Charged at Bow Street

By Rolph Meal, Sunday Telegraph Special Correspondent on Vice and Immorality

"It is always painful for me to pass judgment on a person of title," said Mr. Trevor Cuirasse at Bow Street yesterday, "but in this case, which will shock readers of Sunday papers everywhere, I see no alternative."

In the dock was the Hon. Lettice Binns, attractive, aquiline aunt of Viscount Gramleigh, who had pleaded guilty to the cultivation of marijuana for profit in the grounds of historic Brillwimperley Castle, Herts., where she resided with her titled nephew. "I am pleased to add," continued Mr. Cuirasse, "that Viscount Gramleigh leaves this court without a stain on his character. I believe him when he says that he thought marijuana was a kind of dance."

Behind the Greenhouse

Among more than forty gamekeepers and other estate workers, Albert Crutty (41), described how the Hon. Lettice had invited him to come behind the greenhouse "for a quick smoke." "His lordship was away," said Crutty, "and I saw no harm. It was only later, when the Hon. Lettice started putting these cigarettes in our wage packets in lieu of wages

that I realized." Crutty had felt it his duty to report the matter.

Five for Three Pounds

Emily May Trident, a between maid, described how she had been smoking a proprietary brand of cigarette in the still room when the accused entered and said, "Those things will rot your guts, Emily. Try one of mine." Trident did so, and later asked the accused whether the "special smokes" were available at the village shop. Accused laughed and said she would see, later offering the witness a packet of

five for three pounds. "She told me the estate was in a bad way, and she wished to do something about it," said Trident.

Jockey-Cap

The Hon. Lettice, who wore a pillar-box red two-piece with a black velvet jockey-cap, is well known as the energetic Master of the Brillwimperley Foxhounds, and is to serve her sentence in Holloway. Asked if she had anything to say she told the court that she would be pleased to receive friends as soon as visiting is permitted.



Lord Baggett of Rudesmore has presented this attractive piece of statuary to Lady Baggett as a silver wedding anniversary gift.

Index to other pages

	Page
You Can H.P. Your Yacht, by Uffa Fox	22
The Greeks Had a Four-Letter Word for it, by Lord David Cecil	9
Harold Macmillan, the Man, by Hugh Gaitskell	14
Hidden Scandals of Sandringham, by Edgar Lustgarten	16
Big Fights Revisited, No. 1 of a hard-hitting series, by Lady Summerskill	20
Slacks Will Get Tighter, by James Laver	14
Crime Round-Up	3
Picturesque Preston, No. 1 in a series on the beauties of industrial Lancashire, by John Betjeman	7
Quiz-Games Worth Seeing, by our Television Critic	17
Mr. Khrushchev, the Father, by a Psychiatrist	4
Dictators in Love, by Hugh Trevor-Roper	19
To-day's Services	4

CHILD FOOTBALL STAR FLIES IN FOR MIRACLE OPERATION

Ntale Nkalenga, 9-year-old sharp-shooting Nigerian inside-left (recently transferred from Zaria United to Oshogbo Wednesday for a record £320), flew in to London airport yesterday afternoon, to be greeted by a crowd of eager reporters from the medical press and surgeon George ("Tiny") Hand of the Walthamstow Oteotomic Clinic. Mr. Nkalenga, swathed in scarves, was hurried into a waiting

limousine without being allowed to speak to the press.

Later, Mr. Hand told a Sunday Telegraph reporter "In recent months Mr. Nkalenga has surprised the Nigerian medical profession—that does not include witch doctors, of course—by growing a third ear. No, I can't tell you where. Now, though there is no doubt that the Van Gogh syndrome, as it is called, is very

(Continued on page 9, col. 3.)

graph

COURT AND SOCIAL

ST. JAMES'S PALACE. Feb. 4

Mrs. Alice Jennings, aunt to the assistant cook to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, was graciously pleased to inform a deputation of journalists that Her Majesty's Own Cat will, as last year, be giving up trout for the season of Lent.

Among the passengers leaving Monte Carlo in s.y. *Terpsichore* were the Duke and Duchess of Painswick, Mr. Xenophon Paraboloides, Miss Fenella Lovemore and Mr. Edward Carruthers (representing the Department of Inland Revenue).

Mr. Sebastian Slagg is in Brixton Prison for contempt of court, and is consequently obliged to postpone all his elopements for an indefinite period.

TO-DAY'S BIRTHDAYS

Mr. Billy Hill is 52½, Mr. Billy Wallace is 39½, Mr. Jack Cotton is 48½, and Mr. Edward Langley is 40½.

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE?

The engagement is suspected between Viscount Tantivy, eldest son of the Earl of Wingrave and Mrs. Susan Peritoni, and Miss Gloria Tingle of San Diego, California.

WEDDING

The marriage took place yesterday, noisily at Caxton Hall, of Mr. Tempest Tornado, most successful protégé of Mr. Edward "Tuneful" Copper of Shaftesbury Avenue, and Miss Sympathy Darling of Ealing Studios.

The bridegroom, who was attended by six thousand child fans, wore astrakhan tights.

The honeymoon will be spent secretly at the Supermajestic Hotel, Brighton (Room 786).



THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION

Arrange these sculptures in order of merit. Entries should reach the editor not later than the last post on Friday, February 10, accompanied by three pence in stamps. The sender of the first correct solution opened will receive a sculpture token for 10s. Last week's winner ("Arrange These Composers") was Her Grace the Duchess of Skye, Skye.

A Blonde with the Mah-Jongg Expedition

The private papers of Christabel Hunter, now published exclusively in the *Sunday Telegraph*, have been called "the story that could never be told."

I first became intimate with General Tim Bayliss when the Mah-Jongg Expedition was still in its exploratory stages. His secretary went down with Border Fever, and I was asked to take her place. His first words to me were characteristic of the man I afterwards learned to know and love so well.

"Where's Miss Ironside?"

I explained the position, and he made a *moue* that lifted the corners of his great grey moustaches a full half-inch.

"Very well," he said. "Take a *démarche*."

As he dictated, I could see him watching me, partly, no doubt, to make sure I was getting his words down, but also, it seemed to me, with some other motive less practical and more tender.

"Don't Work Too Late"

My instincts in this respect were borne out by what he said to me when he had finished dictating.

"You must be tired," he remarked.

"A little, sir," I confessed.

"Don't work too late then," Tim said. "If it's ready for me by nine o'clock in the morning that'll be all right."

It was then six-thirty in the evening. Everyone else in GHQ had finished work long ago. I went back to my own room and began work on the *démarche* straight away. Within an hour it was finished.

A Canard Refuted

This reminds me of a most interesting fact in connection with the General's book of memoirs, *Soldiering Days and Soldiering Ways* (Montgomery and Brooke, 30s.).

On the back of the dust-cover there is reproduced a document in the General's own handwriting in which he says "I personally wrote every word of this book on ruled foolscap paper with a stylograph pen." Until now

this statement has never been challenged.

But the extraordinary thing is that it is not true at all!

The whole of *Soldiering Days and Soldiering Ways* was dictated to me by the General in the course of a three-week holiday which we took together in the Engadine in the summer of 1924.

Two Carbon Copies

I took it down word for word as he gave it to me, and later transcribed it on to the typewriter, making two carbon copies.

Of course I can understand that a sensitive person like General Tim should not wish it to be known that this was the procedure followed. When the book came out he was married, and his children Nicky and Virginia were already of school age.

It would never have done for them to know what was my true position in his life! So between us we concocted the story of the stylograph pen.

QUICK CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Tea-time at one of the places that spirted purple. (Misprint for "spirted"? (3).
- The one about 3 down symbolized nominally (3).
- No one is without nothing. Quite the contrary of course (3).

DOWN

- Strongly against standing the beast on his head (3).
- George Russell had a sign of majesty in him (3).
- The old cow was transfigured and is disfigured (3).

1		3
2		
3		

THE GIMBOLS . . . by Larry Fiferby

<p>SEEN THE BRATHWATTS NEW JAGUAR? SHE FLOUNCED ROUND IN IT TO YVONNE'S BRIDGE-PARTY. SMIRKING.—AND THEY'RE GOING TO SWEDEN THIS YEAR.</p> <p>US—BRITANNY AGAIN IN THAT OLD MORRIS!</p>	<p>YOUR TROUBLE—NO AMBITION, NO DRIVE. MONTHS SINCE YOU TOOK OVER DEESONS AREA—STILL NO RAISE. NO SPINE! NO PUSH!</p>	<p>YOU'RE THE MOST NEGATIVE MAN IN ALL CARSHALTON. AND TO THINK THAT I PASSED UP JEREMY COPE FOR YOU. HE'S NOW ON £4,000 IN MOTIVATIONAL-RESEARCH, AND YOU'RE STUCK IN THAT SOCIALIST-CONTROLLED COUNTY COUNCIL.</p>	<p>MY TROUBLE IS—I'M THE STRONG, SILENT TYPE</p>
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Mediatrics

Or the care of the Middle-aged

By H. F. ELLIS

6. *Relaxation in the Middle Years— Hobbies—The Secret of Enjoyment*

THE belief that a man is as old as he feels is responsible for a great many pulled muscles. A wiser principle to follow is that a man, broadly speaking, is as old as he is. He may be older. He is unlikely to be younger, and if he is, will do well not to show it unless he cares nothing for the good opinion of his contemporaries.

Far too much sentimental rubbish has been written about the sadness of taking off cricket boots for the last time, putting away tennis rackets and similar dramatic moments. The well-balanced man will take his cricket boots off for the last time with at least as much relief as he has experienced when taking them off on a hundred previous occasions. He will waste no time in vain regrets as he struggles with the laces, knowing very well that in all probability he will change his mind next May and put the great heavy things on again—and that, if he does not, it will be because he doesn't want to. Every psychologist knows that nine out of ten men who consciously do something for the last time have been secretly longing to do just that for at least a couple of years. Only the mistaken idea that it will be a wrench has held them back.

Giving things up is, or should be, one of the great consolations of middle age. The man of fifty-plus, waving goodbye from his deck-chair with a resigned "Off you go and enjoy yourselves. I'm too old for that kind of thing now," is a living proof of the essential beneficence of the natural processes. There is a strong sense of release. The annoyance of not being able to do something as well as he used can be terminated, the wise man of forty-five suddenly realizes, by not doing it. The pity is that he did not realize it at forty.

This is not to say that middle age is to be a gradual recession from activity of any kind. On the contrary it is a time for

constantly taking up new pastimes, new interests. What must be dropped is those physical leisure-time exercises taken up in youth and now inevitably being performed with diminishing success.* A man, it has been well said, whose enjoyment consists of constant reminders that he is not as young as he was should take medical advice immediately. New activities, of whatever kind, are free from this fatal defect. There is no reason why a man of fifty, or even fifty-five, should not take up cricket if he can find a team sufficiently short of men. He is unlikely to overstrain himself by trying to do what he never did in his twenties; nor can he be vexed by loss of form at a game he never played before. Indeed he will probably improve for a season or two, and may look forward to reaching his peak at sixty.

Doctors agree on the therapeutic value of nearly all new skills acquired in late middle age. But it must be understood that exercise, as such, has nothing to do with it. "Keeping fit" is a sign of immaturity, as is any other spare-time occupation that demands continuity of effort. The touchstone, for a man of mature years considering what to take up next, must always be "Shall I be able to drop it again without loss of self-respect?" Whether it is good or bad for him, whether it produces anything useful, whether he will get anywhere with it—these things are beside the point. In middle age there are enough things that *have* to be done with some ulterior motive; it is folly to take up voluntarily anything that may become a taskmaster.†

Home carpentry,‡ as we have seen in the first of this series of papers, may begin to show itself as early as E.M. I, though the main rush of displacement activities is ordinarily delayed until the second period of Middle Middle Age when tennis and dancing are finally dispensed with. There is a sure instinct at work here, for carpentry is of all things an occupation that lends itself to being laid down at will, either temporarily or permanently. The object under construction is rarely if ever worth completion for itself, nor is some immediate justification for discontinuing the work (e.g. blunt tenon-saw or shortage of $1\frac{1}{2}$ " screws) hard to find. One has only to compare the study of History, which so many men almost take-up in their fifties, to realize that it is worth while spending a little care over the choice of new interests. It is not difficult, exactly, to lay down *The Conquest of Peru* or Vol. II of the Cambridge Mediæval History once it has been taken up; but it is not easy to feel altogether happy about never taking it up again. "The trouble is," as a patient of mine who had had an extraordinary urge to learn something about America once put it, "that when you have spent a lot of money on two great volumes about the Civil War they glare at you from the shelves for months afterwards. You might as well be seventeen again, with both your parents at you for never sticking to anything you start."

* Dr. Ralph Mowle, who kindly read through these papers, would except golf as a game that can safely be played from the twenties through the fifties. For my views on twenty-year-old golfers, see my article on "Premature Middle-age" in *The Mediatrist*, July, 1958.

† Another argument, if one be needed, against golf.

‡ More correctly home *joinery*, since "carpentry" is properly applied to work of a constructional nature (roofs, floors, partitions), not to lop-sided bookshelves, half-finished corner cupboards and other more delicate fittings. But we must beware of over-insistence on correctness (*painting* the lily, *Union flag*, a little *learning*), if we are to avoid Pomposity, that scourge of middle age.

We see, then, that the ideal hobbies and relaxations are those that make no demands, stir up no distressful ambitions and, if they have an end-product, have one that need never be reached. At the same time they should not be over-simplified. There should be an *assemblage of apparatus*. One of the chief factors that age and depress men in middle life, other than bachelors, is the constant spending of money on other people. Often, practically all the money expended by a man for his own gratification is provided by his firm through an expense account, which is useful but dull. The wise choice of a hobby will enable him from time to time to slip out and buy something—a tool, a box of flies, an exposure meter, a thing for looking at watermarks with—out of his own pocket and for himself alone. This gives more pleasure than those who have never tried it would readily believe.

A further advantage in apparatus hobbies is that the laying out process may take so long that there is no time actually to begin. The preliminary arrangement, which is often more absorbing and always less exhausting than the operation itself, may last till bedtime if it is conscientiously done. One of the happiest and most well-adjusted fishermen I know spends at least one hour sitting on the bank selecting and tying on a fly, drying and re-greasing his line and so on for every ten minutes his fly is actually on the water—and that of course takes no account of the endless pre-preparatory work he does at home in sorting, retying, gut testing, winding, unwinding and practising knots. Painting with oils, for the same reason, is to be preferred to water-colours owing to

the multiplicity of tubes, the turps and linseed oil, the scraping and mixing, the additional precautions that must be taken against the possibility of a mess should a start ever be made. To be busy but not anxious—that is the thing. You have only to compare a woman cutting out material round paper patterns with her husband making plans, with the aid of innumerable maps and Cook's *Continental Timetable*, for next year's holiday—each, in his and her different ways, indulging in a spare-time relaxation—to realize the importance of choosing a hobby where mistakes do not matter or, better, where the point at which a mistake would matter is hardly ever reached.

I am sometimes asked by patients of a serious turn of mind, who would regard philately, say, as too frivolous for them, whether I would advise them to take up writing as a leisure time occupation—the writing, that is to say, of some worthwhile book, not of a novel and still less of random articles for money. It is not unusual for a man in L.M. I or thereabouts to feel this call to perpetuate himself in print, his efforts to perpetuate himself in other ways having reached University age and got too big for their boots, and I do not discourage the urge. It is certainly a more wholesome activity for late middle age than “social work,” a host of vice-presidencies, and the long debilitating struggle to become a J.P. But here again there must be care to ensure that the end-product does not become tiresomely assertive. As before, it is the assemblage of the materials that counts—the note-taking, the comparison of sources, the visits to the



"All the same, showing photos of Coventry Employment Exchange queues seems a sneaky way to sell a car."

British Museum, the constant putting of slips of paper into large volumes—and a subject must be chosen that will defer the drudgery of actual writing till death. Or even later. I recently came across a case (not professionally; this was before the days of mediatries) of a man, a solicitor with no previous knowledge of the subject, who decided on his fiftieth birthday to write a History of Man on a new plan. On his death at eighty-four he bequeathed his notes, comparative charts and unreturned library books to his son, then aged fifty-six, with the request that he complete the task by knocking the book together. The son occupied twenty-two years very pleasantly in reading through, revising and annotating his father's notes, and it was a grandson, a very well-rounded personality of forty-eight with no leisure-time problems, from whom I heard the story.

Here is wisdom indeed, when a man can cater not only for his own middle-age and old age relaxations but for those of

his descendants as well. For we have to remember—and there is much comfort in the thought—that the children who may be a grief and vexation to us now will themselves one day be middle-aged, and will then stand in need of all the comfort and advice that we, as old men, can give them.

I hope in my next paper to suggest a few simple precautions by which what I may call the *pinpricks* of middle age may be avoided or at least ameliorated. It may seem strange, after the graver problems with which we have already dealt, to concern ourselves with ostensibly minor vexations, but as every mediastriest knows a *succession* of pinpricks may be anything but a laughing matter. It is by no means unheard of for a man of forty-five or over to have a heart attack simply through lack of care in selecting his reading matter.

Next week:

The Avoidance of Pinpricks

Politic Worms

By JANE CLAPPERTON

ACCORDING to the *Worm Runners' Digest* (and let's have no giggling at the back there, please; this is a serious subject) experiments are now, right this minute, going forward at Washington University, St. Louis, that are enough to curl your hair. It seems that Washington University has a Dr. Edward Ernhart on its staff, and this Dr. Ernhart has made the fairly unattractive discovery that by splitting a worm's head down the middle you get not only, as you might expect, a

maladjusted and potentially delinquent worm with a grudge against society in general and Dr. Ernhart in particular but a worm with two heads. (Dr. Ernhart doesn't actually say his patients are maladjusted after treatment but it seems a fair bet.) Furthermore this two-headed worm reacts more rapidly to electric shock-light stimulus than do the obsolescent Mark I worms with only one head. So there.

The deeper implications of all this only begin to writhe to the surface when we see that the *Daily Telegraph*, whence comes this awesome bulletin, describes the *Worm Runners' Digest* as a publication dealing with "studies started to find out if worms could be taught anything." Clearly there is more involved here than just good old Dr. Ernhart sitting up late at night with a candle, a couple of dry batteries and an old razor blade, chuckling to himself I have no doubt, while the pitiful mewing of timorous non-progressive worms rings unheeded in his ears. There must be an awful lot of people engaged in the higher education of worms if they need a whole publication to themselves. The majority are doubtless decent, sober family men, alive to their responsibilities and even kind, in a clinical sort of way, to the defenceless creatures whose fate lies in their hands; but one cannot help wondering how many unscrupulous

worm runners have secretly progressed far beyond such baby stuff as electric shock stimulus, and are already cramming their exhausted charges with Beowulf and simple calculus until the poor overtaxed little brains are fairly reeling.

That dear old cosy the Mad Scientist, who crops up in the pages of extravert fiction with the persistence of a recurring decimal, has always been a favourite of mine, but it's a little disquieting to find nature copying art again and coming up with the worm runners. (I see them, Dr. Ernhart and his cabala, as slightly-built fanatics with *crème pistache* complexions and a bit of a twitch; in fact, now I come to think of it, closely resembling Alec Guinness in *The Ladykillers*. But then all Mad Scientists look like Alec Guinness in *The Ladykillers*—it was what you might call the definitive portrayal.) I admit a two-headed worm looks a shade puny beside man-eating giant crabs, carnivorous lichens quivering in the crypt and ravaging homunculi in pickle-bottles; but I suppose Dr. Ernhart had to start somewhere.

Personally I have the gravest doubts about whether he should have started at all. It's not that I'm against worm education as such, and if there were one shred of evidence that this is what the worms themselves really want I should



"I'm sorry, your ladyship, but there seem to be no vacancies at present for part-time work with The Council of Industrial Design."

be the last to stand in their way; though what good a great horde of half-taught, disaffected and probably downright subversive worms is going to be, lurching about the countryside leaving anarchy and red ruin in its wake I do not know. But what I would ask Dr. Ernhart, in the sacred name of civilization and the future of the Race, is: What are these worms going to learn? To the more archaic technical skills—pottery, handweaving, simple village crafts of that sort—there would seem to be no objection; low-grade factory work is also a possibility, though precautions must be taken to ensure that no human artisan is deprived of his livelihood by avaricious employers cashing in on cheap worm labour. But can we be sure that it will end there? Once let those worms get started on political economy, and insurrection is only a matter of time; a couple of pages of John Stuart Mill and the jig is up. To say nothing of nuclear physics.

The very name these people have chosen for themselves implies an arrogance which can only arouse misgivings. Not Worm Watchers, not Worm Counsellors or Worm Guidance Officers, but Worm Runners. Kipling no doubt would have applauded; can we, in this day and age, afford to do the same? Up to now I daresay the tyrants have had things pretty much their own way; perhaps even jeered at their slaves for being so biddable, so pathetically anxious to please. But the one thing everybody knows about worms is that they turn; they turn, Dr. Ernhart; and where will you be then? Barricaded in your room I shouldn't wonder, clutching an empty insecticide gun and cringing with terror as the door panels bulge and split before the onslaught of your maddened ex-pupils.

Probably it's too late by now, but all the same I hope somebody is keeping a very, very strict eye on what those worms are reading.

☆

"The Antiquities Department in Cairo to-day announced the discovery of several mummies belonging to the Roman and Islamic era, especially of the time of the Fatim Dynasty, A.D. 909. They were found near the site of the ancient Aswan cemetery when it was being cleared last month.

In one of the 90 exquisitely carved wooden coffins found was the well-preserved body of a beautiful woman, with even her elaborate coiffeur intact."—*Daily Telegraph*
And what was he doing there?

THEN AS NOW

This was by no means the first slow-train joke in Punch, nor will it be the last.



Impatient American (after an hour's pause). "SAY, GUARD, WHAT IN THUNDER ARE WE WAITING FOR? WHAT TIME D'WE PULL OUT ANYWAY?"

Guard (who has survived two generations of hustlers). "THAT ALL DEPENDS, SIR."

American. "DEPENDS ON WHAT?"

Guard (judicially). "AH, SIR, THAT AGAIN DEPENDS!"

September 23, 1908

The Garden of Prosperity

HERE, where the world was quiet,
Here where the orchards stood,
Bulldozers roar and riot
Creating "Wunderwood."
The trees that bloomed and fruited
A final time were looted
And now must be uprooted
For the highest human good.

Small, behind porch and portal,
The model houses rise
To shelter all things mortal
With all things scant in size.
Four tiny rooms, one attic,
One kitchen automatic,
One bathroom unemphatic,
Are what the buyer buys.

Here like has like for neighbour,
As peas within a pod,
And lime and loam and labour
Will beautify the sod.
Free from the asphalt city
They ask for peace, not pity,
And the landscape will look pretty
With a little help from God.

With dreams of gracious living
And a newly planted tree,
They thank with brief thanksgiving
The finance company . . .
No wonder I endeavour
With captious sneer and clever
To keep it hid for ever
That one of them is me.

— J. S. STANDISH



"How much do you want to say?"

Census in South Africa

By ALLEN O'BRIEN

THERE is *apartheid* in the census in South Africa. The printed instructions in my letterbox were for me to fill in a white form for myself and my family and a pink form for any Bantu who slept on my property during the night of September 6, 1960. I filled in the white form before I went to bed and early in the morning of September 7 took the pink form to my little fruit farm outside Johannesburg where my Bantu servants live.

Ben Qwabe was digging up an ant-heap to feed the ants to his chickens. He was surprised to see me there so early but not surprised that I had come to fill in a form. In his long life he could remember many other times when white men had written down the names of people. It had not made any difference to him.

He spoke to me in Xhosa, suitably simplified for a white man's understanding, but when he called to his wife he spoke in Sotho, so that I could not understand at all.

All Bantu in South Africa have to

carry passes and the Director of Census and Statistics advised us to consult these passes for the correct spelling of names. There was a clear photograph of Ben Qwabe in his pass book, but the name in it was Harrison Malahla. That was all right, said Ben. Harrison Malahla was his real name; Ben Qwabe just a name he used here in the Transvaal. I wrote "Harrison Malahla" on the pink form.

Ben's wife is known to me as Emily; but was she, I asked her, Emily Qwabe or Emily Malahla? In reply, she handed me her pass book. Her name, above a photograph making her look even more gaunt and aged than she is, was shown as Miriam Gumede. She denied that this was her maiden name, the name of her father. Did I not know that Gumede was a Zulu name and her father had been a real Xhosa whose name was Xaxa? Gumede was a husband she had once had.

I entered her name as "Miriam Gumede Malahla."

Ben's daughter-in-law's name was

less of a problem. Her pass recorded it as Maggie Oboretse, but she was now married to Ben's son (although she had not seen him for six months) and, assuming that his name was the same as his father's, I called her Maggie Malahla. I called her two children Malahla, too. She did not want me to write down the first name of the younger child as Mhlupeki, which we all called him and which means "little nuisance," so I named him "Absolom."

The question on age (exact or approximate) presented no difficulties. Ben said that he had been a herd boy at the time of the "Impi kwa maBunu"—the Boer War. His wife said that she was born in the year of the "lindipesi," meaning the great rinderpest epidemic among cattle in 1897. Maggie was modern enough to know the month and year of her birth and the exact dates of birth of her children.

Nor did we waste much time on the question on place of birth. Ben said loudly and without looking at me that he was born at Mount Fletcher and, without argument, I wrote "Cape Province" on the form. I knew that this was not true, but if it were known that Ben's real place of birth is Sehlabathebe in Basutoland he would be classified by the South African Government as a "foreign native" and would not be allowed to work for me. Emily was born at a place she called "Kati-Kati." After a moment of hesitation I decided that this was Cathcart and wrote "Cape Province" as her place of birth, too.

Section E of the census form reads:

E. Marital Status

- (1) State whether Never Married, Married, Living Together, Widowed or Divorced
- (2) If Married state whether—
 - (a) Civil or Religious
 - (b) Bantu Law or Custom (Lobola); or
 - (c) Both Lobola and Civil or Religious.

Ben was emphatic that he and Emily were married and not merely living together. They certainly had not been married in a civil or religious ceremony and therefore must have been married by Bantu law or custom. But a Bantu marriage is not valid unless *lobola* has been paid. *Lobola* is the agreed price to be paid by the bridegroom to the bride's parents. Formerly it was always paid in cattle but it is now often paid in cash.

Emily said that *lobola* had never been paid by Ben. Ben denied this. He said that when he took her over from the man who lived near the stony hill she was already old and worn-out but in spite of this, he had paid her elder brother (her parents being dead) an amount of ten pounds in two five-pound notes which he had withdrawn from his Post Office Savings Bank. Emily said that it was true that he had paid her elder brother ten pounds, but it was known to everyone that it was because he had bought her brother's bicycle—the same bicycle that could now be seen lying on its side under the apricot tree.

While the argument went on I wrote on the pink form that they had been married by Bantu Law or Custom.

In the section on religion we were asked to state the "particular denomination." I knew that Ben and Emily belonged to some Christian persuasion because on Sunday mornings the delivery boy for the local bottle store arrived on his bicycle, donned a tattered cassock and led an assembled group of about twenty Bantu in singing "Nearer my God to Thee" in African close harmony. What was their denomination, I asked. "Chech," replied Ben, and Emily nodded proudly in assent. They seemed satisfied when, thinking of the cassock, I entered their religion as "Church of England."

Maggie was insistent, however, that she was "iKatoliki." What sort of Catholic, I asked "kwa Roma?" No, she said, not "kwa Roma," but "kwa Afrika," and as evidence showed me a baptismal certificate. It was a highly coloured document, adorned with crocodiles with tails entwined, and it certified that on August 29, 1943, Maggie Oboretse had been baptized in the rite of the "African Catholic Church" by "Saint Ebenezer Moloi of Johannesburg."

The last section of the questionnaire had to be answered by indicating which of the following languages was the home language of the person concerned:

Xhosa
Zulu
Swazi
Ndebele
Seshoeshoe (South-Sotho)
Tswana
Sepedi (North-Sotho)
Shangaan (Tsonga)
Venda

Other Bantu Languages (foreign)
Afrikaans
English

Ben said that his home language was Xhosa, although we both knew that it was Seshoeshoe (or South-Sotho). There was no doubt about Emily's language. Her Xhosa was so unadulterated that few people in the Transvaal could understand her.

It was with Maggie that we now had difficulty. Her father, Oboretse, was, she said, a Motswana from Bechuanaland and his language was, of course, Tswana. But he did not want it to be known that he came from Bechuanaland in case the Government deported him so they had spoken her mother's language at home. Her mother had come from the Swaziland border, but she spoke Zulu in the "Thefula" style, changing the *ls* to *ys*, and not in the "Swazi" style, changing the *zs* to *ts*.

It would perhaps be more correct, said Maggie, to say that her mother's home language was Tsonga and not Zulu, but if, as it said in the Government form, Tsonga was the same as Shangaan, it would not be correct because her mother had certainly not been a Shangaan.

I could see no solution to this problem, but Ben intervened with the authority of a father-in-law. Maggie's home, he said, was no longer with her father or her mother but with the family of her husband, and if their home language was said to be Xhosa, then hers was Xhosa too.

I wrote "Xhosa" as the home language of Maggie and her two children, even though the elder can speak only Seshoeshoe and little Mhlupeki can say only one word, which sounds like "nyanya" and means "dog" in a language all his own.



"He says he prefers an autonomous federation rather than a centralized republic."

How Much Tax do you Wear?

By LESLIE MARSH

A FEW British citizens too modest to brag about their earnings have sometimes complained of the inquisitive vigilance of our Inland Revenue inspectors, but this is kid-glove stuff compared with the current practice in Italy, where it was revealed a week ago that fiscal agents are keeping an "assessing eye" on jewellery worn by women at the theatre. Feeling has been aroused and Deputies have asked the Finance Minister whether the tax men can tell the difference between real and costume jewellery and whether it was true that at a Maria Callas première in Milan officers had jotted down how much money there was in the house in the form of necklaces, tiaras, and so on. The Jewel Song from *Faust*, I imagine, must be a disturbing aria for State spies doing their best to count the sparklers in the stalls and keep the score in shorthand in the dark.

There is reason to suppose that these detectives may be efficient. They have a two thousand-year tradition behind them. Sumptuary laws date from well back in B.C. and their enforcement called for similar alertness. A Greek precedent which prevented a Lacedæmonian from owning a house or furniture made by anything more elaborate than the axe or saw need scarcely

be considered, unless you care for the theory that offenders gave us the derivation of chiselling, because it is with Roman severity that we are concerned. The women of Rome must be thinking that the bad old days have come back, remembering that under the Oppian Law of only 2176 years ago they were not allowed to have more than half an ounce of gold. Ambitious lictors out for convictions and promotion used some fairly fine weights in the scales of justice, not excluding grains, for to get this thing in perspective I have just weighed my wife's well-worn wedding ring and it came out at between a quarter and half an ounce, nearer the half. So even the Top matrons could not have been what we should call flashy. Twenty years on this gold standard were enough; then it was repealed.

But the Roman noses were soon busy again smelling out sumptuary sins. The number of guests at entertainments was limited under the Orchian Law, overdue for revival here and now in the opinion of many speech-drunk diners and deafened cocktail party-goers. Frugal hosts and clumsy carvers were further fortified by the Fannian Law twenty-six years later, providing that no fowl but a single hen, and that not fattened, should be served at a feast. When soon

afterwards guests as well as hosts were made liable for infringements, banquetters looked many a gift course in the mouth, knowing that any slave urging a second helping might well have been a spy.

The next hundred years were so deplorably lax that really smart investigators felt it wasn't worth trying, but Julius Caesar restored their morale and put them in the way of a few perks by sending enforcement officers to seize all illegal eatables from the tables. Any of the more timid of us who have hesitated whether or not to tell the waiter to wait a minute, we haven't finished yet, would have given the man the benefit of the doubt if there was a sporting chance that he was one of Caesar's seizers.

Making full allowance for the know-how accumulated over the centuries by snoopers in Italy, I still see some difficulties for vigilance squads in the theatre of to-day. Nothing is more apt to tip the delicate balance of a tender love scene than a husky whisper in the front stalls by a senior officer to his aide: "And if that lot's paste my name's Signor Fanfani." Management and audience can conspire to make the fiscal fellows' work impossible. A simple instruction at the box office, "Seats in the gallery only to all crafty-looking patrons," safeguards the top brass, and joke novelty clusters, bracelets and sprays made to squirt ink when the wearer feels an intrusive stare, discourage the most relentless examiner.

For all we know, of course, the system may have been imitated by Somerset House. With a tough Budget in prospect and evasion becoming more widespread, what more likely than that an undercover spearhead has already moved in on Shaftesbury Avenue and in unexpected places? Prick up your ears next time you are being shown to your seat. Be on the alert for any *sotto voce* message from one acolyte to another in such terms as this: "Two coffees in the first interval for A 6 and A 7 and they've enough rocks round their shoulders to build a scale model of Gibraltar. They're right up by the orchestra pit—tell the new double bass to take a good gander at them next time he's pizzicatoing."

Theatregoers, unite! You have nothing to lose but your pendants and chains.



Essence of Parliament



BACK to school, and, as far as the Commons went, it was very much a week collecting their books and finding their new class rooms before they got back to work. On Tuesday the only ripple of interest was the quarter of an hour's questioning of Mr. Orr-Ewing about the *Santa Maria*, but, as neither the Government, the Opposition nor anybody else knew what that erratic vessel was up to, it was not possible to get very much further. Labour Members with Mr. Gaitskell at their head were concerned that Senhor Galvão should not be handed over to the Portuguese Government if he was captured. But it was at that stage still so much a matter of putting salt on the bird's tail that it seemed premature to argue what to do with the tail when they had salted it. The House then talked about the pensions of overseas civil servants. Mr. Hugh Fraser was put up to do his best for the Government, but Dame Irene Ward thought his best "rotten," as indeed also did Sir Kenneth Pickthorn at rather greater length and in more academic language.

Wednesday with the Post Office and even duller, and on Thursday the most interesting questions on the order paper were those asked for the review of the Evans case, but they were not reached and Mr. Butler was not to be drawn by Mr. Silverman into giving any premature answer. He was equally cagey over saying anything about the Thomson-Odhams merger. The day was mainly notable for Sir Winston's reappearance at the end of question time. It was gracious of him to come. It would have been asking too much of him to expect him to look interested.

Almost all the fun and games this week has been in the Lords. They started off on Tuesday with Lord Silkin's revelation that he always had to have a cold shower bath because he was not clever enough to manipulate the hot tap. Armed with this important knowledge, the Lords gave themselves to two little dust-ups. The first was about murders and executions. Lady Wootton was concerned to know how many of the twenty-five murderers who had recently been hanged could be called professional criminals. This concern of murderers to vindicate their amateur status, rather

Murder in the Lords

as if they were Davis Cup players or Olympic athletes, may at first sight seem curious and Lord Conesford's inquiry whether it might not be desirable to deter even amateur murderers was natural enough, but of course there was more to it than that. It had been, rightly or wrongly, the professed purpose of the curious Homicide Act to hang only the professional criminals and it was only natural that an earnest social student like Lady Wootton should wish to know whether it was working out that way. But the inquiry seemed for some reason greatly to annoy Lord Kilmuir who got very angry. He does not often get angry.

Lord Hailsham is a Minister who is more easily irascible. They tried to rag him by the charge that the Tory party had

broken faith by not freeing private patients' drugs after they had promised to do so in an election programme. Lord Hailsham replied that they had given that promise at the election of 1950 but they had lost that election. He enunciated Hailsham's Law that when a politician has loved and lost it's just the same as if he had never loved at all—that, if you have promised to do something at one election when you are not returned to power, you are not committed to doing it when you do get back to power at a later election. There has been a fine old row about that among Conservative back-benchers, but, whatever the intrinsic rights or wrongs of private patients' drugs, there can surely be no question about it that Lord Hailsham's ethical principle is right. Politicians promise what they will do if elected. They do not, and could not, promise what they will do for the rest of time, and if there has been another election where they did not renew their pledge, where they were not forced by constituents to renew it and where they were elected without it, then it is the pledges of the last election which count. *Ce n'est que le dernier pas qui coûte.*

Promises Are Not for Ever

The Lords' real gala day was Tuesday, when they dedicated themselves to the consideration of N.A.T.O., that most eminent of all four-letter words. Lord Ogmore introduced the debate with all the new-found or newly recovered fervour of the Liberal faith. It produced some very interesting, if very curious, speeches. Lord Home admitted that the distinction between strategic and tactical nuclear weapons no longer made much sense. Therefore we must revise the conception of N.A.T.O. as a mere "trip wire." It must be able to do more than that if it was going to hold up an aggressor for long enough for there to be a second think before the second strike. The implication of the argument would seem



MR. CHARLES IAN ORR-EWING

to be that N.A.T.O. should have stronger conventional forces and that there was no great sense in their having nuclear weapons, and indeed this seems to be the way that things are going. Mr. Gaitskell's chances of getting his defence policy adopted by the Socialist party are dim. His chances of getting them adopted by the Conservative party are rosy. The decision when to use the nuclear weapon, said Lord Home, must remain political, but how without a Western political authority that decision was going to be taken there was, as Lord Home himself so elegantly phrased it, "no possible possibility" of guessing. To Lord Boothby this question whether we were to have a single or divided Western force was the \$64,000 question. Lord Gladwyn on the other hand admitted that there was no coherent answer to it but did not very much mind, for he saw no danger of war. The danger that he saw was that this country no longer had a sense of mission in the world. It was all quite impressive, but he gave no sort of hint what was the kind of mission that he had in mind. It was all rather like the South Sea Bubble and their lordships dedicating themselves to a mission to be subsequently revealed.

— PERCY SOMERSET

☆

"Signor Fanfani, the Prime Minister, yesterday inaugurated the 50-mile stretch of motorway, between Bologna and Florence, of the great Italian highway called the *Autostrada del Sole*. It is now complete from Milan to Florence . . . The next stage will bring the highway from Florence to Milan, but . . ."—*The Times*
Tougher, working backwards.

In the City



The Ills of Wealth

WEALTH has its problems—spiritual and physical. In Lombard Lane we are primarily concerned with the latter. With the emergence of affluence, people no longer die of exhaustion and hunger but of boredom and over-indulgence. With enrichment, therefore, comes ever larger expenditure on pills that will counter excessive intake of proteins and carbohydrates, still more pills that will induce sleep and then still more to tranquillize jangled nerves.

As the nation lives longer and, presumably, becomes healthier, so the expenditure on medicine mounts. Let us recall the late Mr. Nye Bevan's astonishment at the "catarrh of bottled medicine" which, as Minister of Health, he saw pouring down British gullets as soon, of course, as it could be had free of cost.

There is an obvious investment angle to all this and a firm of stockbrokers has fastened on it in a recently published brochure which, giving the subject the benefit of every conceivable doubt, is entitled "Investing in Health."

And so, indeed, it is, whether we look at it as medicines required to cure excesses or whether we consider the ever increasing use of preventive treatment or the still larger scope for the use of medicine in curing diseases in the poorer countries of the world. The problems of affluence, let us recall, affect only a small minority of humanity.

The authors of this booklet (no names, no credits, since Stock Exchange firms may not advertise) point out that in examining the investment merits of pharmaceuticals firms, two primary considerations stand out. The first is whether the research facilities are good and with adequate financial backing to meet the considerable expenditure on them. The second is whether the products rate high by medical standards.

The firms analysed in this booklet fall into four categories. The first is the

group of large firms with wide interests, of which only a proportion is devoted to pharmaceuticals. These include Imperial Chemical Industries, Monsanto Chemicals and Fisons.

A second group consists of firms largely concentrated on the manufacture of so-called "ethical" drugs, with a modest research effort. Of these an example is Evans Medical which has recently been the beneficiary of contending bids, in which the victor is Glaxo. This last firm is placed in a third group of companies spending substantial amounts of research with specialized lines in the ethical field. Apart from Glaxo they include Beechams and British Drug Houses.

Lastly, there are firms engaged in the manufacture of proprietary medicines and also in the retail business, of which Boots are the most widely known.

Of some two hundred firms examined

In the Country



A Quiet Life with Ample Food

A FEW weeks ago the price of pheasants in the shops, at any rate in the country shops, reached a remarkably low ebb. This pleased the public, but no doubt roused mixed feelings in the minds of poachers and shoot-owners, especially the latter who hope to recover some of the costs of running the shoot. An irritating contrariness is manifest: sport bad, prices high; sport good, prices low.

These same shooting men, with their keepers, will soon be setting about the task of replenishing their pheasant stocks, and if they do it as efficiently as last year, and get reasonable weather in the nesting season, the price of a pheasant may be less than five shillings next December.

Some rich men go to market for their replacement eggs and trust them to broody hens or incubators, especially the latter, for the modern hen is more than ever temperamental. A great many tell their keepers to catch wild pheasants which will lay the necessary eggs during

by this firm of stockbrokers two have been selected as offering outstanding promise. They are the Beecham Group and British Drug Houses. Beechams have a variety of interests spreading far beyond pharmaceuticals extending to Brylcreem and Macleans toothpaste. But solid and commendable research work is being done by Beechams in the field of antibiotics. They have recently produced the first synthetic penicillin and an entirely new penicillin which is effective against a wide range of previously resistant organisms. These discoveries hold great promise, not only for the battle against infection but for the profit and loss account.

As for British Drug Houses, who have recently successfully resisted a take-over by Fisons, they are highly progressive in their research, and may in the end succeed in banishing the ghost of Dr. Malthus for ever. — LOMBARD LANE

* * *

their days of captivity. This catching-up is not so difficult as it sounds, for the pheasant is a silly bird, only too anxious, as every keeper knows, to commit suicide from the day it leaves the nest.

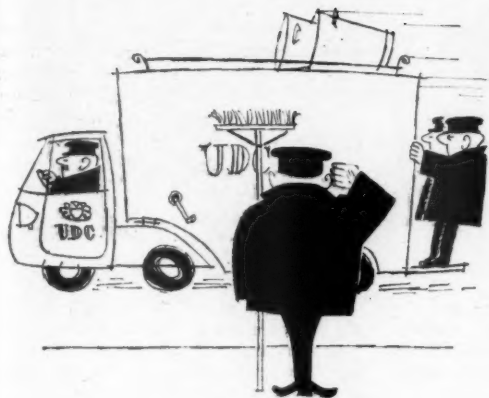
Quite simple, non-lethal traps are baited with corn, or some other popular food, and in due course an unwary visitor walks in, whereupon the roof drops over his head, or a door closes behind him, or in panic he forgets how he got there. The keeper comes along and adds him to the living tally whose offspring will re-stock the woods.

Not every bird caught will be kept; elderly or injured characters are discarded; only youngsters in the best of health qualify to receive special rations to build up their strength for the exertions ahead. A few may find themselves whisked away to other estates, for a change of blood is said to improve fertility and egg-laying.

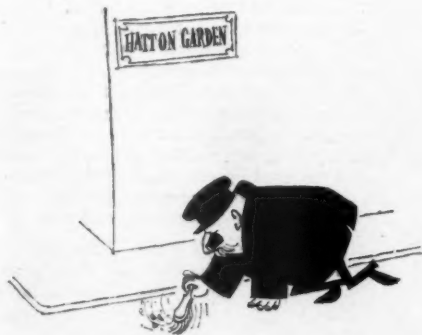
The harder and colder the weather, the more hungry, and therefore the more catchable, the birds become; snow particularly is a help; a mild spell prolongs the work. All this will take several weeks, in any case, and in the interval before the laying season the birds will grow accustomed to living in aviaries, or much smaller movable pens; one cock to six hens is the usual allocation.

Frightened and nervous birds lay fewer eggs. All need time, not unnaturally, to accustom themselves to the idea that the very men who, for the past few months, have been trying to arrange their deaths, are now only too eager to prolong their lives and make them happy.

— ANTHONY CLARKSON



A BRUSH WITH THE U.D.C.





AT THE PLAY

The Importance of Being Oscar
(ROYAL COURT)

Masterpiece (ROYALTY)

Fairy Tales of New York (COMEDY)

MICHAEL MACLIAMMOIR is at the Royal Court for a month in *The Importance of Being Oscar*, and so London has another brief chance to see his wonderful impressions of Wilde's life and works. This is the kind of virtuoso performance which is very rare in the theatre. He makes no attempt at impersonation. Instead he builds up a picture of Wilde as a man and a writer through readings and recitations connected by a brilliant commentary of his own, leaving us with a fresh idea of Wilde's genius.

If the judge who took the first trial of van Meegeren, the faker of Vermeers, had ordered the scientific test which the defence demanded, the Dutch art critics might have escaped making public

jugginses of themselves for the second time, but we should have missed *Masterpiece*, a play of considerable excitement, by Larry Ward and Gordon Russell.

The strange story of van Meegeren is a theme which supplies its own drama. *Masterpiece* makes no pretence of not being based on his life although its hero is differently named and the other characters are fictitious. It covers the period of both his trials after the war, the first for collaboration by selling Goering a Vermeer, and the second for fraud, after he had proved himself—by painting a test picture under observation—the author of the staggering series of newly-discovered apparent Vermeers.

An extremely ingenious set by Richard Negri, using a revolving stage, allows frequent flashbacks into van Meegeren's past. We see him as a struggling experimenter infuriated by the stupidity of crusty critics who misunderstand his work and go on asking for windmills. We see him amazed at his discovery that

he can paint as the old masters did; we see his emotion at finding that his first Vermeer, hung in the chief art gallery of Holland, has taken in the one critic whom he respects, an old man who has given his life to great pictures.

For the sake of this critic's reputation he nearly packs in his chance of painting the test picture which will prove him Vermeer's equal; there is a dramatic scene where his wife visits him in prison and gingers him back to activity by telling him that unless he is acknowledged there will have been no point in his life. The big moment of the second trial comes when his old friend, broken in the witness box, is going back on all the praise he has lavished on the picture, when van Meegeren picks up his stool and threatens to destroy it, and the old critic, whose whole life is great art, throws himself in front of the canvas and, swallowing his bitterness, declares it a masterpiece.

The play is almost continuously gripping because van Meegeren is shown as a devoted artist burning for recognition and not as a cheapjack paying off old grudges. The ethical tussle and the fight against blinkered tradition are made very dramatic in Henry Kaplan's production.

Trial scenes develop their own tension in the theatre and these are no exception; but I felt they could have been cut with advantage. Another flaw is that the authors never persuade us that van Meegeren could have kept his wife in the dark for so many years; it is incredible that she never asks a pertinent question about his work on which he is secretly engaged. But this is still a play full of intelligent excitement, and the first night audience called for curtain after curtain.

To my mind Anton Walbrook as van Meegeren could not have been better. Very quietly and skilfully he uncovers the torments of frustration. The acting on the fringe of a large cast is inclined to be ropy, but at the centre it is very sure. Margaret Johnston is excellent as van Meegeren's harassed wife, and Arnold Marlé gives a beautiful performance as the old critic whose honesty puts an end to van Meegeren's persecution.

J. P. Donleavy's *Fairy Tales of New York* make a thin evening. They are four playlets dealing with the adventures of a young American returning and seeing the life of New York with the



[*Fairy Tales of New York*]

Cornelius Christian—BARRY FOSTER

Charlotte Graves—SUSAN HAMPSHIRE

detachment he has learned at a European university. Their gentle satire is well observed and Mr. Donleavy's dialogue often sparkles, but they give the general impression of revue sketches that have been allowed to go on far too long.

In the first the hero buries his wife, who had died on the Atlantic. Rather ponderously it takes off the embarrassing professionalism of the American funeral parlour and its commercialized sentimentality, off which, one couldn't help remembering, Mr. Evelyn Waugh had taken the lid so much more lethally.

The second playlet is the strongest. In this the hero applies to a sparking-plug tycoon for a job, and finds himself adrift in the asinine solemnity of the advertising world. Asked to prove himself by thinking up a slogan at short notice, he produces a few platitudes which are received with earnest rapture. The tycoon is Napoleonic in his assurance, and his relationship with his junior director, an eager yes-man, is amusingly drawn. The clichés of big business have been shrewdly collected, but this is the only playlet of the four that is satisfactorily carried by its ideas.

In the third, which is very slight, we see American businessmen relaxing in a boxing club, and in the last, a satire on snobbery, the hero is ignored in a fashionable restaurant because of his impossible shoes, and comes back in evening dress barefooted but with rings on his toes, when he gets a royal reception. This was essentially a notion for revue; dragged out for what seemed like twenty minutes it palled.

A clever cast does its best to give the programme the solidity it lacks. Barry Foster plays the boy engagingly, Robert Ayres and Harry Towb reflect the American characters with versatility, and Susan Hampshire fills in the distaff side with charm.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Ondine (Aldwych—18/1/61), Giraudoux in the Stratford repertory. *The Caretaker* (Duchess—11/5/60), triumphant Pinter. *Three* (Arts—25/1/61), interesting mixed bag of *avant-garde* playlets.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE GALLERY

In the Purple

BERTHE MORISOT (1841-1895) if not born in the purple of 19th century French painting, did even better by achieving it on her own merit. At the age of twenty, having already been a pupil of a follower of Ingres, she met Corot and studied under him. A few years later her work attracted the attention of Manet; she succumbed to his influence artistically, was painted by him, and married his brother. Of course to have survived in such company, as a painter, meant that she had a very considerable gift. And survive she does unfailingly when an example of her



Manu—PHILIPPE BANCEL

Monsieur—RAYMOND MEUNIER

Roland—JEAN KERAUDY

Gaspard—MARC MICHEL

Geo—MICHEL CONSTANTIN

(Le Trou)

work is shown among bigger guns such as Renoir, Degas, Lautrec and Manet himself. Then she enhances the company by her lightness of touch, sparkle and tact, as indeed a gifted woman can enhance male company.

When seen alone in some bulk, as at Wildenstein's, she seems to lack the power and impact to fill satisfactorily the large rooms of the gallery (particularly does this apply to the red one), and a certain absence of well-defined drawing and design makes itself felt. It is necessary to linger a little and to have some patience to get Berthe Morisot's message, which is not an assertive one. In this one-man exhibition she emerges as a minor but very delightful artist.

The endless shuffling and re-shuffling of pictures, some of which we in our ignorance imagined safely put, has presented us with an interesting card in Poussin's "Crossing of the Red Sea" (on view in the National Gallery until the end of February when it returns to its home in Melbourne). It is one of a pair, the other being "The Golden Calf"; they are both on view in Room 32. "The Crossing of the Red Sea" makes demands of atmospheric and dramatic effects which it would take a mixture of Turner and Goya to supply.

Poussin's canvas is mainly occupied by a beautifully drawn, flowing group of classical semi-nude figures, the Israelites welcoming from the shore the return of the waters under a dark cloud. Moses, with one raised arm, surveys the scene while the host of pursuing Egyptians is dimly apprehended foundering in a stage-property sea. The picture has lately been cleaned by the expert hands of Mr. Horace Buttery, and so we can be

assured that it is as nearly in its original state as possible.

Berthe Morisot Exhibition open until February 11, 1961 (in aid of the French Hospital and Dispensary, London). Wildenstein & Co. Ltd., 147, New Bond Street, W.1.

—ADRIAN DAINTREY

AT THE PICTURES

The Hole
Circle of Deception
Midnight Lace

BECAUSE Edouard et Caroline was the director's greatest popular success in this country, plenty of people connect his name with "that kind of story" and will regard *Le Trou*, or *The Hole* (Director: Jacques Becker), as surprisingly uncharacteristic. No romantic young love here, no domestic charm; the scene is the Santé prison, and the principal characters are five men who share a cell and are mainly concerned in tunnelling out of it. The film was made on the spot, is based on a real escape attempt, and uses some non-professional players, including one of the prisoners who were actually involved.

It was Becker's last film. Whether it's a complete success is difficult to argue about, because any expression of opinion on whether or not it achieves its chief aim, or even on what that aim is, must reveal more of the story than many people care to know beforehand. In this instance I personally think these people are misguided: I think the strength of the piece is in the characters and the incidental suspense, and I don't believe one's interest depends very much on a

wish to find out what happens at the end of the story. I always have contended that the surprise-ending thriller appeals mainly not to those who enjoy being kept in suspense till the dénouement but to those who want to show off by telling everybody that they guessed it first.

But as I've implied this is very far from being anything so mechanical as a mere surprise-ending thriller. With extraordinarily simple means, using a minimum of dialogue and yet also very little of what is usually understood by "action"—and much of that of the most cramped and even repetitious kind—it keeps one absorbed for two hours. It holds a cunning balance of interest between the individual characters, the relation of each to the group, the details of their mechanical ingenuity (the bit of iron bed-frame used for digging, the two little medicine-bottles made into an hour-glass, the splinter of mirror tied to a toothbrush for a periscope) and their progress, and the question whether they will get away with it. Like the young newcomer to the cell we are drawn into the group, we feel its obsession with the project, and we understand very well what moves him to say "Life's worth living for the first time." For minutes, sometimes, we simply watch the men's efforts to break through some obstacle; and yet the whole thing is fascinating.

The merit of some scenes in *Circle of Deception* (Director: Jack Lee) was outweighed for me by irritation at a basic detail of some others. It's the old language difficulty again, but here it's emphasized, because language is part of the point: the young secret agent (Bradford Dillman) sent to Occupied France in 1944 has been chosen partly because he speaks French. And then of course when he gets there he speaks English, like everybody else, including the Germans. They have German accents, he (being Canadian) has an American one; the girl (Suzy Parker) at Intelligence H.Q. in London has a mid-Atlantic accent, but that will go for nothing beside the rapidity of some of the English speech, which will have them really baffled in the Middle West. Yet these English scenes are the best part of the picture. Harry Andrews is very good as the cold-hearted C.O. who chooses the young man for the assignment and primes him with false information, confident that he will break under torture when captured and mislead the enemy by revealing it; and the scenes of training and preparation are often effective. But the "happy ending" is absurdly motiveless and casual.

With *Midnight Lace* (Director: David Miller) we are back in the Hollywood London, where nine out of ten of the physical details are there because they aren't relevant, not because they are—just to give the simple pleasure of recognition to the returned U.S. tourist

and those English filmgoers who will chuckle with delight at seeing on the screen a picture of something they've just seen in fact. The story is a frantically over-ingenious mechanical puzzle of suspense, in which no one behaves in character if he can make the audience guess wrong by behaving otherwise, but probably few will fail to spot the villain who is anonymously threatening and sometimes trying to kill the wealthy Mrs. Preston. As this persecuted lady, Doris Day has to be little more than a hysterical fashion model, with a different outfit for nearly every scream, and the other people wasted include Rex Harrison and Myrna Loy. There is one convincing, amusing London character: Hermione Baddeley's pub landlady.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London there is great variety. *Shadows* (27/7/60 and 26/10/60) and *L'Avventura* (7/12/60) and *La Dolce Vita* (21/12/60) of course; *Les Tricheurs* (18/1/61), more than two years late, but well worth while; *Love and the Frenchwoman* (4/1/61), *Shoot the Pianist* (21/12/60) and *Never on Sunday* (30/11/60), diversely entertaining; and two enjoyable pops, *The Sundowners* (25/1/61) and *The Wackiest Ship in the Army* (25/1/61).

Top of the new releases: *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (9/11/60—89 mins.). Another is *Circle of Deception* (see above—100 mins.). *The Great Impostor* (112 mins.) has some good fun, but its Catholic propaganda is rather obvious.

—RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Eye-Opening in Sound

IN general, and in particular when we are looking for quick returns from our application, alphabet and image are more successful than alphabet alone. Most documentary or actuality broadcasts are more compelling and more rewarding on TV than on sound radio, and for no other reason than that most of us read faces easily—if inaccurately—while the interpretation of half a dozen consecutive sentences from a disembodied voice can tax our powers of concentration to breaking-point.

But not always. There are times when the image is so familiar that it becomes superfluous, when all that is new in a programme lies in the voices, accents and thought patterns of the performers. A good example is the recent Home Service item *Burning It Up!*, an edited recording of the pathetic drivel talked by the young dare-devil motor-cyclists who infest our roads. We have all seen these neotechnic fiends, angling their way between bumper and bumper and putting the wind up every God-fearing motorist. We know what they look like, what they wear, and many of us have glimpsed the whites of their eyes. Few, however, have heard

from them more than the indecent blasting roar of their engines, so that this eavesdropping session on the north-west perimeter of London was an eye-opener.

Owen Leeming's production matched the subject: it was fast, furious and fiery, and Royston Ellis's introduction and narrative thread wasted not a foot of the throughway. We heard teenage skid kids boasting of their "tons," their near-misses and their accidents, recounting the story of their continuing feud with square motorists, raving stickily about the companionship of speedsters, about motorized Russian roulette at the cross-roads and so on. It may be as Mr. Leeming says that we should "sympathize with their violent refusal to endure the boredom which modern English city life seems to impose on working-class youth," but no one, I hope, after hearing this excellent programme would condone their murderous antics or question the wisdom of prohibiting the weapons on which they dice.

Two talks of more than ordinary interest rewarded my attentive ear last week—a repeat of Kingsley Martin's profile of Harold Laski in the series *The Intellectuals and the Labour Movement* (Third) and Gwyn Thomas's reflections, *An Everlasting Fugue of Felons*, on the influence of notorious murder trials on the innocent mind (Home). Both talks were rich in eloquence and attack. Martin underlined Laski's prolonged flirtation with communism and analysed the dichotomous longing for central economic control and unlimited personal freedom which characterized the thinking of so many pioneers of modern socialism. Thomas shook out his script as though he had been soaked to the skin in a heavenly storm of verbiage and figures of speech. Racy, effulgent and deliciously funny. There may have been a message behind it all, but if so I missed it.

Switching over to the window box (Channel 1) I was lucky enough to find Percy Thrower gabbling about spring flowers. No gardener I: this programme is usually lost on me—except that I rather enjoy the jargon of gardening and without much difficulty can imagine myself in the rôle of city tycoon getting a weekend report on the county estate from my head man. I like Mr. Thrower's flat Midland vowels; I liked the guest expert's pronunciation of "vorse" and "ornymantal"; and I particularly enjoyed an early glimpse of snowdrops, snowflakes, winter aconite, something called *Hamamelis Mollis*, daffs and primroses.

There's always a snag of course. *Gardening Club* always encourages me to turn over a new leaf, but only momentarily. I am about to reach for the trowel or dibber when along comes some such remark as "Can't neglect 'em during summer and then expect 'em to flourish for you in winter, can you now?" and ambitions are stifled for another week. Still it's a splendid programme.

—BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

BOOKING OFFICE

DEATH AND DONS

By PETER DICKINSON

The Smartest Grave. R. J. White. *Crime Club Choice*, 12/6

Message from Sirius. Cecil Jenkins. *Crime Club Choice*, 12/6

THESE are the joint winners of the Crime Club's competition for the best detective story written by a University don. Both are thoroughly enjoyable, but in the end unsatisfactory. Collins, who are the power behind the Crime Club, must have shared the vague public belief that a lot of detective stories are written by dons and that therefore a good generous prize might easily turn up another Michael Innes, but received only a moderate-sized entry—about fifty.

On reflection, I think that the crime-addiction of dons is a myth. Innes apart, almost all the apparently donnish stories one can remember were written by not-quite-dons. Dorothy Sayers sprinkled her detection with Donne and had her heroine married from a college; Jocelyn Davey seems to have chosen Sir Isaiah Berlin as the ideal man to nose out a crime, and is just as free with his quotations; both construct their books with accuracy and care; neither was ever a don. I do not really consider the Professor of Poetry a not-quite-don, but even he started writing detective stories as a schoolmaster.

Perhaps there was a time, with Sherlock Holmes scholarship in its infancy and J. J. Connington bestriding the locked rooms, when several dons were hard at it writing forgotten thrillers instead of merely claiming to read them avidly (to prove that dons are human too—I think it's this oft-heard claim that has caused the myth). And perhaps it is for some reason connected with this that both prize-winners have a rather old-fashioned feel about them.

The Smartest Grave is a free re-working of the Moat House murder, which thrilled the Edwardians. A great genial villain entices a tiny spinster into a sort of marriage, buys a farm with her money and does away with her one dark night; then, after a period of

sane living, he goes in for a series of curious rural orgies which eventually bring about his downfall. He is one great virtue of the book, an interesting and highly credible murderer; another is the actual writing, which is both tidy and amusing, and catches the period pleasantly. But the story is slow and the police work stodgy (I cannot believe that, at a moment when property was at its most sacred, the police would knowingly let a man get away with forgery for several years); the mystery is small and its solution dull.

Message from Sirius is a complete contrast; it is as though Edgar Wallace were alive again (about the period of *The Ringer*, though there is a touch of the later, apocalyptic vision of the sort that occurs in that splendid tale in which a journalist noticed the Home Secretary and the Archbishop murdering a man on Hampstead Heath because the world was about to come to an end). A night-club performer is shot in mid-act by an anonymous do-gooder who believes that the performer represents what is worst in the world to-day—it

is a sort of one-man march to Aldermaston. A large cast of celebrities and police are portrayed twice life-size in vigorous detail and hustled about with gusto; but alas the plot goes soft and dotty at the end.

In fact, I got the feeling that both of these books were exercises, pastiches of a mode of writing that has already disappeared, which is a thoroughly suitable exercise for dons. Those of their fellows who might, thirty years ago, have been constructing a baffling alibi with the aid of *Bradshaw*, are now writing *novels*, a form which has only acquired respectability in the academic world since the last war. If Iris Murdoch, for instance, had been old enough to get her teeth into fiction in the 'thirties, she might well be rivalling Michael Innes now. I have no explanation for Innes himself, but must point out that even he hasn't produced a proper murder for several books. Just forgery and such.

☆

NEW NOVELS

Destiny of Fire. Zoé Oldenbourg. *Gollancz*, 18/-

Scenes from Married Life. William Cooper. *Macmillan*, 16/-

Scenes from Provincial Life. William Cooper. *Penguin*, 3/6

Acquaintance with Grief. Vincent Brome. *Cassell*, 15/-

Forest of the Night. Madison Jones. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 18/-

I was not wildly excited by any of this week's novels, though I was not bored by any of them. I read away busily without thoughts that strayed to other books but I never felt any very strong desire to buttonhole people and say, "Look, you must get hold of this!"

Madame Oldenbourg's *Destiny of Fire*, for instance. She has been praised to the skies as an historical novelist and I gave *The Cornerstone* a warm welcome myself. Yet this, the first of two novels about the Albigensian Crusade, is very much a routine job. The Catholics and the invaders from the north were cruel and the heretics of Languedoc were pious. That is a situation that is tragic and often repeated; but if their kind of piety is not particularly attractive does it become so if the horrors of crusading justice are piled on? Are Albigensians burned by Catholics in greater pain than Catholics burned by Protestants? Partisanship in novels runs the risk of readers who are on the other side. With good novels this does not matter; but here, while the incidents are various and the period of history unhackneyed, I could not feel much

BEHIND THE SCENES



13—MARGARET WEBSTER

Daughter of Ben Webster and Dame May Whitty; actress, producer of plays and opera, and writer on the theatre



engaged. The mixture of ostentatious purity and blood-thirstiness rather detracts from the adventure interest of escapes and stratagems and the moral interest of dilemmas of loyalty.

Scenes from Married Life, a belated successor to *Scenes from Provincial Life* (just republished in Penguin), describes the narrator, now a scientific civil servant, as he dithers about getting married and finally does so. The time is 1950 and the cheerful provincial life of teaching and sex has been replaced by London parties and office intrigues and the writing of novels. Even the C. P. Snow figure who hovers about Mr. Cooper in fiction, as apparently in life, has evolved into a pillar of the Establishment and is both domestic and weighty. Something has evaporated. The verve and freshness of the first success is still there in patches; but too much of the book consists of oddments of observation, oddments of fictionalized autobiography, glimpses of the Snow world from another angle that depend for their interest on one's having read C. P. Snow. Mr. Cooper varies his novels and has tried all sorts of things. He is potentially a very good comic writer indeed; he is sharp-eyed and independent-minded and has a cool ruthlessness that reminds me slightly of C. H. B. Kitchin. I always find him enjoyable; but somehow he makes his novels seem marginal to his life. He still needs to separate them more decisively.

Acquaintance With Grief is fresh and intelligent. A middle-aged American sociologist in Paris tries to save a wail who loves a married man by telling her the story of his own attempt at group marriage when he, his wild, nervy wife, a weakly eccentric musician and the

musician's chilly, strong-minded, mothering wife, gradually set up a joint family unit. I was interested enough to want to know what happened but never moved. The weakness of the novel is in the descriptive writing. The places and the people are never as vivid as they ought to be when events are unusual and construction elaborate. Only with the most lifelike character-drawing can one risk flashbacks.

Forest of the Night is a doom-laden tale of the Tennessee frontier in 1802. Roughly speaking the flavour is Robert Penn Warren. The central character is a corruption-hating school-teacher who performs various acts of mercy to Indians and criminals that bring on him the vengeance of the good and the suspicion of the bad. Love, fear, hatred and cruelty growl and flare among the steamy swamps along the river. There are some well described episodes; but I felt I had read so much of it before.

— R. G. G. PRICE

DUKES AND DOLLARS

They All Married Well. Elizabeth Eliot. Cassell, 25/-

What, precisely, do we understand by *un beau mariage*? Is it the joining of soul-mates, is it the Gretna Green alliance of ardent beatniks, is it King Cophetua and the Beggarmaid? Is it the film star who marries the prince or is it, just conceivably, the marriage of a marquise and money? In this curious footnote to Anglo-American relations Miss Eliot studies a strange social phenomenon: the Anglo-American "marriage-market" which flourished from the 1870s to the first decade of the present century. This is the story of dollars in search of dukes and dukes in search of dollars: of the alliances which, at their most glorious, produced Sir Winston Churchill, but more often produced extreme unhappiness. Miss Anna Gould secured a French marquis, Boni de Castellane, but grew so furious at his wastage of her fortune that she divorced him to marry his worst enemy. ("Anyone," writes Miss Eliot, "must have been an improvement." But the Marquise de Castellane chose a duke this time.) There are some alarming sidelights on the God Money: what a terror was Mrs. Astor, the Mrs. Astor, on her throne in the Astor ball room in her "sort of metropolitan White House!" Yes, this book has its moments, and we may learn much from its cautionary tales.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

FOUNDING FATHER OF POLITICS

Sir Robert Walpole. The King's Minister. J. H. Plumb. Cresset Press, 30/-

Dr. Plumb's fresco-sized life of the founding father of British politics continues on its magisterial way. The present volume covers the years 1722 to 1734—years that saw Sir Robert's emergence as George I's first minister and the height of his influence over the

nation at large. The close of this period marks the watershed of Sir Robert's career. "He had taken risks, made enemies, driven through crises, foreign and domestic, and the power was still his—Parliament was firmly in his grip; his favour at Court was unshakeable; and his views prevailed on all questions foreign and domestic." The slope towards defeat and political extinction was a long and a gentle one, to be told in a later volume.

Dr. Plumb is a distinguished historian, painting meticulously on a broad and vivid canvas. Like every good student of politics, past or present, he is obsessed by power. Those of us who believe that his kind of history can still be reckoned in terms of an art as well as a science, may feel that his obsession is somewhat naked. At times, during these 350 pages, the reader has the impression that he is assisting at a monologue in a C. P. Snow novel. (If Sir Charles wrote historical novels, this, one imagines, is rather what they would be like.) Perhaps, however, this is only to say that Dr. Plumb has perfectly rendered the coarse and pugnaciously material spirit of the age that he describes. Certainly, he has recreated his acute, neurotic and bawdy hero with a magnificence and a floridity worthy of the Rubenses that Sir Robert was at such pains to collect.

— PHILIP HENGIST

LUCKY DIP

Passenger to London. Gerard Fay. Hutchinson, 25/-

Gerard Fay, the London editor of the Manchester *Guardian*, has written an account of his life and travels ranging from the Yukon to Moscow, from Boston to Baltimore, from Macon to Mâcon, his perennial indirect spiritual journey from Dublin to London, from London outwards again, and, within London, everywhere. It is a lively, fascinating account; the chronology jumps irregularly back and forth as abruptly as the human memory itself. At an early stage Mr. Fay sets forth a prospectus equitably declaring that what follows is really a non-autobiography, a non-travel book, a non-guide to London; it is an enthusiastic neo-Londoner's autobiographical travelogue that may be used, the author modestly suggests, "for dipping in." However, as he has done the dipping already, with unusual good fortune, one can probably achieve the nicest balance as a reader by reading this unorthodox book of reminiscence in the orthodox way. Gerard Fay has moved from the restlessness of an Anglo-Irish theatrical childhood to the restlessness of Fleet Street with his sense of wonder wonderfully unimpaired, and here is great variety of colourful detail, sharply observed, shrewdly selected, and plainly recorded by one of those rarest of schizophrenes, a first-rate reporter who is also a first-rate editor.

— PATRICK SKENE CATLING

ON THE FRONTIER

The Hills of India. Henry Gibbs. *Jarrollds*, 25/-

This book describes a journey which Mr. Gibbs made through the frontier lands which separate India and Pakistan from their northern neighbours. Starting from Teheran, he travelled through Afghanistan, Kashmir, Nepal, Assam and down to Benares and Calcutta; his account of the trip is full of factual information and statistics, and the historical background is succinctly and knowledgeably sketched in. There is a rather horrifying chapter—called "Death and the Urgent Womb"—about Indian sexual moeurs, and an interesting account of the *bhoo-dan* movement initiated by Vinoba Bhave. Poverty in these northern provinces is almost universal, and Russian infiltration a growing menace; Mr. Gibbs takes a pretty gloomy view of the future, and his prognosis seems, in the light of recent events, only too likely to be justified.

This is a readable and often entertaining book, though the descriptive passages will seem a bit lush to some tastes, and Mr. Gibbs is too often careless about grammar and syntax.

—JOCELYN BROOKE

OLD-FASHIONED SOCIALIST

Incorrigible Rebel. Arthur Horner. *MacGibbon and Kee*, 25/-

The most interesting pages in this book are those of personal experience—particularly those of prison experience. Mr. Horner would have written a more interesting book if he had been in prison more. (This, it need hardly be said, is purely the judgment of a literary critic, not of an ill-wisher.) Mr. Horner grew up in the mining world of South Wales and everything that he has to tell us about that world is well worth hearing. But the conditions of South Wales are and were highly peculiar conditions—by no means the conditions of Britain or of the world at large, and when he talks of larger issues, his talk is apt to consist of denunciation of other Labour leaders as traitors to the cause because they do not interpret Socialism in exactly the same way as he. This is a familiar phenomenon in Socialist politics, and one only wishes that Mr. Horner had told us a little more about himself and a little less about these interminable "crises" and "appraisements" and "situations." For he is a likeable fellow, if somewhat old-fashioned and living in a world of the past.

—CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

ASPECTS OF EMPIRE

Guiana Boy. Lauchmonen. *New Literature*, 16/-

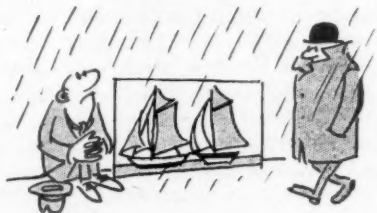
A Fly-Switch from the Sultan. Darrell Bates. *Hart-Davis*, 18/-

Guiana Boy, the first publication of a new house, describes in the first person a series of events in the life of a small Indian boy in British Guiana. It is

touching and pleasantly sentimental; but its surface charm is not its only quality. You can really learn from this how it feels to be a member of a non-British family in a British colony; and as the non-British communities become progressively more important politically the need to know about this is continually more vital.

Mr. Bates's book illuminates the other end of the imperial spectrum. It deals with his days as a D.C. in Tanganyika and an officer in the K.A.R. His anecdotes are gay and deftly told, but they are always presented from the British angle; his Africans are seen with affection but without empathy, as quaint characters in an alien world. And for a Colonial Civil Servant he is remarkably casual with facts; there is no Kabaka of Uganda, and Mutesa II, Kabaka of Buganda, was certainly not a quartermaster in the K.A.R. in 1942, unless he was secretly given an honorary commission at the age of twelve or so.

—B. A. YOUNG



OCEAN MAGIC

British Ocean Racing. Douglas Phillips-Birt. *Adlard Coles*, 35/-

It may be a blow to our belief in British maritime supremacy to learn that the majority of deep-water yacht sailing and racing was in American hands from 1851 for about 70 years, when Weston Martyr, Heckstall-Smith, Philip Hunloke and a handful of other such sailing luminaries organized the first Fastnet race for 1925.

The rest of the story is a galaxy of famous names—craft like *Bloodhound*, *Jolie-Brise*, *Maid of Malham* and *Ilex* and their great designers and enthusiastic owners and helmsmen in this truly international sport. All power to Mr. Phillips-Birt, that in a big book that might so easily have become an illustrated catalogue he has never lost the magic of deep water, and the days at sea when you are so free from the petty irritations "that make up the long littleness of life on shore."

—JOHN DURRANT

CREDIT BALANCE

Gramercy Park. Gladys Brooks. *Dent*, 18/- . Yet another delicate evocation of the joys of a New York girlhood in the days of long, long skirts and jingling horses, but an enjoyable one. Father was a laryngologist who wanted his daughter to get on while Mother lay on a sofa, had headaches, read, liked the company of poets and was more worried about the quality of her daughter's life than the financial standing of her future husband. There are visits to rich friends, trips abroad and an appalling stay in an Edwardian country house. Attractive simplicity and energy. This is what it was like.

Some Reflections on Genius. Russell Brain. *Pitman's Medical Publishing Co.*, 30/- . Essays reprinted mostly from medical journals, dealing with literary subjects from the standpoint of a physician. Subjects range from Swift to Epstein, by way of Lord Monboddo and Grock. Piquant, versatile and easy to read even when technicality obtrudes.



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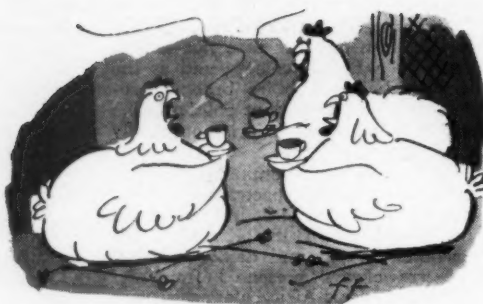
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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

FOR
WOMEN



Boarding School News

REGULARLY on Mondays letters arrive, bringing us the latest news from those little realms—strongholds of freedom or nests of privilege, according to how you look at it—our country boarding schools.

The Easter Term always starts somewhat darkly: "The boiler has burst," we hear on the one hand, "and nobody can have a bath." And on the other: "Seventy-three boys have flook now. A peace has fallen off the chapel. The chaplain says we must ensure to the end. There are seven new masters this term. The playing-field is under water. The match against Mudsbury was cancelled."

As in the wider world, disaster takes pride of place, with sport, romance (if there is any), clerical pronouncements, finance and miscellaneous items filling up the rest of the space.

"Mr. Meekins has a nervous brake-down. A hole came in my welly. We had a lecture about the arctic. Chaplin says we are all like pilguins. We played Flannelfields. They won. I am making a hat-stand. Some more jam—"

In fee-paying schools you get learning, sport and character but not much creature comfort, whereas in the free ones they *do* provide light, heat and meals—often in splendid modern buildings—but you can't even get your children caned! It is frequently your privilege to pay, too, for accommodation in old, one-time family seats, whose families have thankfully given up the struggle of sitting in them and turned them over to be seats of learning for the young. Their beautiful situations, at times accessible only by tractor, are,

so the prospectus says, very good for the character. But the transformation of antique piles, originally designed for gracious living, into suitable habitats for swarms of little boys—fitting the blackboards in amongst the oak panelling, for instance, and the goal-posts amongst the Follies in the grounds—takes a bit of doing. A certain amount of domestic trouble, especially during the winter months, is, perhaps, inevitable.

"The cook left yesterday. There was a storm and all the lights went out. The Chaplain says the night is darkest in front of the lawn. The under elevens played Scrimmagehurst. We won 28-23. Our form-room leaks."

As with the daily press, we are never told any sequels to these alarming events. Anxiously we wonder whether anyone has had a bath yet and whether the lights have come back. Is there a new cook? And how is the unfortunate Mr. Meekins? Any day now we expect to read: "The head-master is doing

the cooking. Forty boys are ill" or "We have lessons by torchlight in our mackintoshes."

However, on Visiting Day we find that all still have their heads above the mud, and after half-term the news brightens.

"We are having an Easter fate. Mr. Biggleswade is going to marry Mamwuzell. We beat Stoutfellows Hall Bloodworthy got his stockings. A dafadil is coming up in the orchard. Matron has a new dress."

Spring, we feel, is in the air—romance has flowered, there are daffodils, and some unsung hero is organizing a fête.

"The Chaplain says you can give a horse a drink but you can't teach a person if they don't want to learn. Please can I give up Latin. I got a mention for Scripture. Fotheringay-Smith has a new Bentley. Please can I have money for the Feet."

As the term nears its end, our admiration for those gallant bands of masters and mistresses, steering their little charges, 'gainst all disaster, towards the promised land of the Easter holidays, mounts steadily.

Soon now we shall read: "I arrive at Paddington 12.15. I am bringing my hat-stand and the lampshades I bought at the Feté. Seven masters are leaving this term."

And then we shall receive those large, square envelopes, with things like: "Conduct—fair, Weight—good, Art—has ideas, He could do better if he concentrated more on his work," and, on a nasty little slip by itself: "Our fees are going up next term."

"Dear Sir," we write to our bank manager. "Re increased overdraft—"

— FRANCES KOENIG

The Other Side of the Easel

"**Y**OU'LL do," said the art school secretary, running his eye over me casually. "I can give you a three-week daily booking from next Monday, ten to four, hour off for lunch, usual rates. Life or Costume?"

"Er—do you pay more for Life?"

It was so little more that I decided to hang on to my clothes.

He sighed.

"Well, come and see me if you change your mind, or"—here he looked at me toughly—"if you want more work after this. We'd keep you warm, y'know."

"No, thanks, all the same. I'm sort of used to my clothes."

He shrugged and concluded our brief interview by getting me to sign a

contract which seemed to me rather a farce for such a pittance. Later I discovered that full-time artists' models only managed to keep body and soul together respectably by working all day, all evening and at week-ends, dressed or undressed, summer or winter, cold or hot.

"See you Monday, then, ten sharp," said the secretary. "No pay for the lunch hour, but we give you tea morning and evening."

Like all over-conscientious greenhorns, I was there early on the Monday and by ten o'clock, when a loud bell rang, had located the cloakroom (dirty), the canteen (dirtier) and the Costume Room (dirtiest—large, draughty, dusty, icy after the unheated week-end and full of easels and donkeys—a sort of low stool-cum-drawing-rest—and pretty empty of students). The cold air was redolent of turps and stuffy with paint.

The first hour was chaotic, with students slinking or striding in late and it was only afterwards that I looked back wistfully from the ensuing, unbroken calm and backache to so much bustle and movement. A small, anxious-faced master popped his head round the door and said: "Pose the model yourselves this time. I'll come and see you after the rest."

We had quite a jolly time dressing me up. My class draped me in various ill-smelling materials, set me against different back-cloths which fell down on me from time to time in clouds of dust and tried me in tatty hats, faded shawls, tarnished jewellery and unspeakable skirts. They hadn't reached much of a conclusion about me when the bell rang and they suddenly focused on me again as a human-being.

"Come and have your tea now," they said clearly and kindly, as though I were slightly deaf and backward. All students seem to regard all models like this.

After the break the master came in and stood regarding me impersonally for a few minutes.

"H'm!" he said finally. "With her skin tones you'll need a warmer background." My skin tones had always seemed O.K. to me, but by the time that he'd commented clinically on my "planes," my "solidity" and my "form" I'd learned the model's first lesson—to regard myself as an object. To be only as important as a chair is really quite salutary to the ego.

That first day, I sat like a corpse and when the final bell rang I was too stiff to move or speak and nearly fell off my shabby throne. So I quickly learned the model's second lesson—how to relax within the pose. Once you can do that you find how subtle your movements can be. You can waggle your ears, wriggle your toes inside your shoes, flex your muscles, run your tongue round your teeth, think furiously, all without perceptible movement. You also discover how much you can take in without moving your eyes or head. You sense where each student stands and whether they are really working or not; whether they're happy or unhappy; and you can *always* identify the inevitable student who complains "But the model moved!"

During the rests, the master, like the secretary, constantly pressed me to pose in the Life room.

"Thank you very much, no," I told him, "only in a striptease joint. They pay better there."

And he would bleat sadly: "But we'd keep you warm, y'know!"

At the end of my three weeks the inevitable overtook me. I wanted to have a go too. So I borrowed materials and went along to the evening class that night. I felt I'd earned it.

After ten minutes of regarding the tired model as a fellow-worker, I began instead to see her as a chair and the first hour, that had so recently seemed so interminable to me, now passed in a flash.

It was my friend, the little master, who was taking us. He made a funny face when he saw me and I blushed.

"I just wanted to have a try," I mumbled. "Just to see what it's like on the other side of the easel."

He studied my attempts sadly.

"You're such a good sitter, you know. Why don't you stick to that? I would if I were you. Eh?"

And I could hardly believe it when I heard my own voice reply defensively: "But the model moved! Honestly!"

— HILARY HAYWOOD

After-Collection Note

Pondering Cardin, Dior,
Givenchy, I distil
My usual thoughts; unsure
Which of them strikes more chill—
*I can't wear that lot or
One of these days I will.*

— ANGELA MILNE



"All right then, I'll take back what I said about you being stodgy and unglamorous."

Toby Competitions

No. 151—Film Story

COMPETITORS are invited to suggest a "story" suitable for filming built round the following main characters: A female bacteriologist; a chef on a luxury liner; a yak; a harpist; a man in a raincoat. Limit 150 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, February 8.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 151, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 148

(Ceramic)

Judging from the size and quality of the entry, writing verses on jugs must be a popular art form, even though it brings out thoughts of death, atom-bombs, spilt milk and Mr. Marples. The winner is:

ROBINA JOHN
93 RIEFIELD ROAD
ELTHAM
LONDON S.E.9

The H-bomb holds no fears for me,
My glaze is made of lead;
I'll keep the milk sweet for your tea
Long after you are dead.

Following are the runners-up:

I'll hold your daily vitamins,
Glucose and orange juice,
Or milk that's duly pasteurized,
But what's the ruddy use?
If you are wise as men of old,
For health and right good cheer,
You'll take me to the cellar, lads,
And fill me up with beer.

V. E. Sharp, Grove Park, Crowborough,
Sussex

Perhaps at some far future date,
By some capricious twist of Fate,
A part of me will come to light
Upon a long-deserted site,

And leave upon a History Page
A clue about a Bygone Age.

With this mild fame, perchance, for me,
I pause to ask, "Where will you be?"
J. P. Pinel, 67 Horn Park Lane, Lee,
London, S.E.12

Before you quench your thirst
With liquors that relax,
Pause and consider first
The penal Excise Tax;
And wish them all the worst
Who promulgate such Acts.

R. E. Ansell, 22 Sharmans Cross Road,
Solihull, Warwickshire

My shape might appeal to the veriest vandal,
My vital statistics, a positive scandal,
But to compensate for this ghastly lark
I'm quite unspillable in the dark,
And whatever goes into my queer pot belly
Will wash down the crackers whilst watching
Telly.

Mary Roberts, 40 Pettiver Crescent, Rugby,
Warwickshire

Take milk from me . . .
But when you drink
Your strontium tea
Just stop and think—
It once was slip
"Twixt cup and lip:
It's fall-out now
"Twixt slip and cow!

Barry England, c/o Med. Supt. House,
Forest Gate Hospital, E.7

When Adam delved and Eve span
Who sealed liquids in a can?
Since Eve span and Adam dug
Honest men have used a jug.

Vera Telfer, 27 Lauderdale Mansions,
Maida Vale, W.9

Feeling unenthusiastic
(I am hardly Ming Dynastic,
And my form is not scholastic)
For my curves all anticlastic,
You may justly be sarcastic;
But, I warn you, be not drastic—
I'm a jug of quite fantastic
"Everlast" elastic plastic!

J. A. Lindon, 89 Terrace Road, Walton-on-
Thames, Surrey

"Permeability Tuners for Television" —a correction

In the formula for the conditions for balance it is regretted that a term was omitted from the denominator of the left-hand expression. The equation should read:—

$$\frac{C_{gk}C_o}{C_oC_d + C_gC_d + C_gC_o + C_{gk}C_o + C_{gk}C_d} = \frac{C_{ak}}{C_{out} + C_{ak}}$$

—Wireless World

Oh, please don't apologise!



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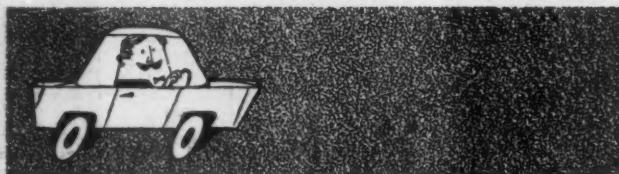
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Shell guide to ANTRIM



The stern hard underlying fact of nine-tenths of Co. Antrim is basalt—black basalt which comes to light in the cliffs (including the Giants Causeway), where by seeming paradox this once molten and fiery rock may overlie the whitest chalk. Rosebay Willowherb is the characteristic flower of the basalt. Up above the cliffs are the long boggy plains which John Hewitt, one of Antrim's many poets, speaks about in describing the moment

... when hot sun splits the mist
among dark peatstacks on long boggy plains
such as lie high and black between the Glens.

Cutting across the coast down to the sea the dividing Glens of Antrim afford some of the happiest, richest-coloured scenery of the British Isles. Patchwork fields, ruddy soil, haycocks, the typical gateway of whitewashed round stone pillars (1) into the farmyard, the special Ulster spade (2) and the reaping hook (3) (alongside the Bushmills whiskey (4), the linen (5) and the sheaf of flax (6)) emphasise that Co. Antrim is still predominantly a farmer's land in spite of Belfast and derricks and factories and modern industrialism. In Belfast, the veterinary surgeon John Boyd Dunlop (1840-1921) was inspired by the stony rattle and bump of Belfast streets to invent that pneumatic tyre (in 1888) on which all the world runs in the 20th century. Contrast Dunlop's tyre (7) in the foreground (the tyre had to be fastened to the wheel) with the donkey-drawn, wheel-less "slide-car" (8) still used in the Glens to bring down the peats—as they are called in Antrim—from the moor and cuttings.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls. In U.S.A. from Transatlantic Art Inc., Hollywood by the sea, Florida, at \$2.00.

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